HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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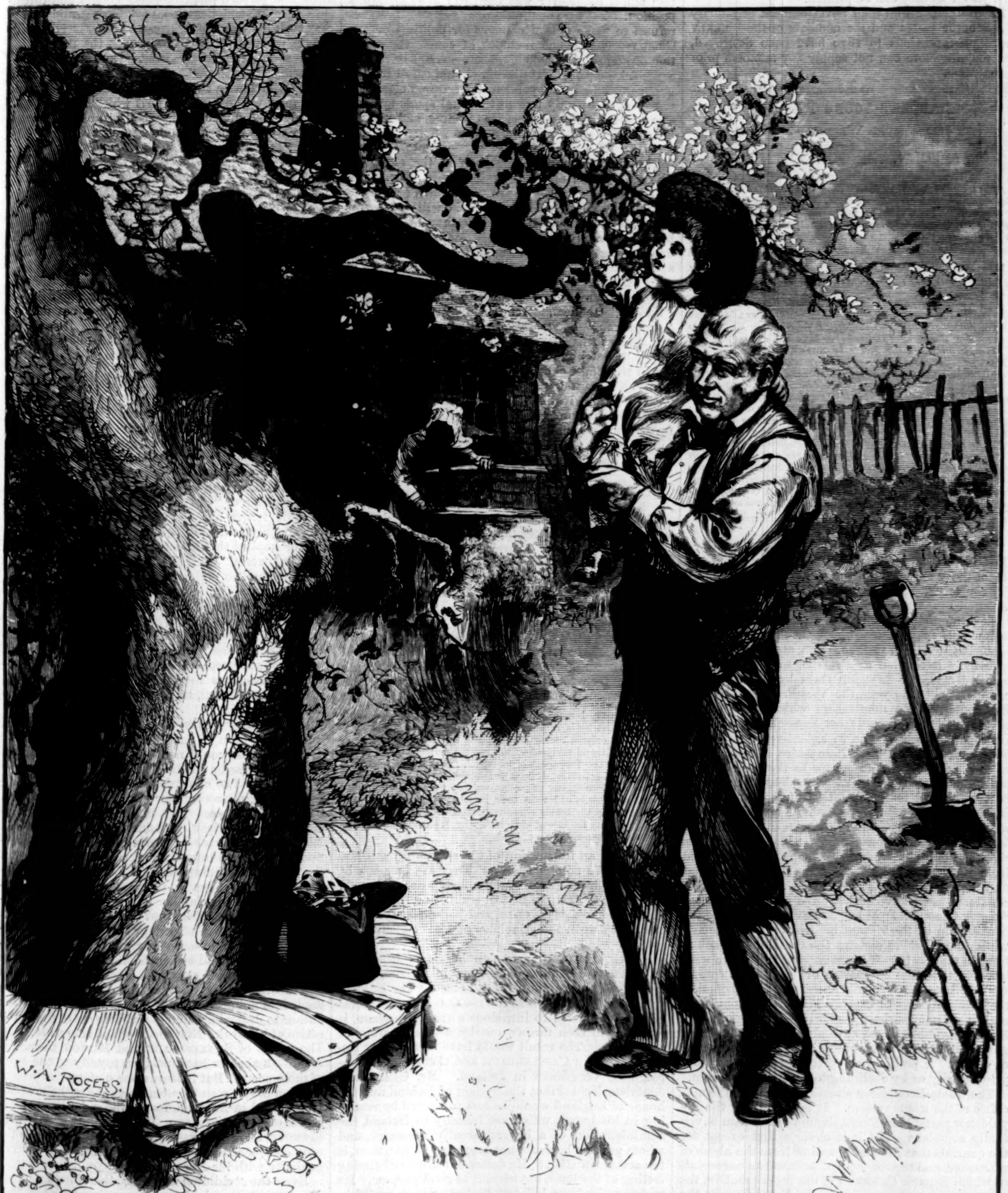


BLOSSOMS ON THE OLD BOUGH.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 27, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

No. 136, published June 6, will contain a beautiful double-page illustration showing the brilliant scene that takes place annually in Brooklyn, New York, when the vast army of little folks connected with the Sunday-schools of that city turn out for their great parade on "Anniversary-day."

Harper's Young People, *No. 134, published May 23, contains an unusual variety of interesting reading matter and well-adapted illustrations.*

Besides the ever-popular serial, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," there are three entertaining short stories—"The Mountain Dwarf," by Miss Annie L. Belcher; *"The Children's Journey," by* Mr. David Ker; *and "The Boys' Tea Party," by* Mrs. S. C. Morrison.

There is an admirable article by Sherwood Ryse, *entitled "The Victims of the Arctic Seas," accompanied by a spirited illustration, showing the scene aboard the School-ship "St. Marys" when the account of the death of their old leader,* Commander De Long, *was read to the boys.* Mrs. Ella Rodman Church *contributes an interesting article, entitled "Some Diamond Stories"; and Aunt Marjorie Precept has some sage advice to give on the subject of "Picnics."*

The boys and girls will be glad to see the elaborate portrait given of the baboon "Peter," Jumbo's successor at the Zoological Gardens in London, and to hear what Mr. Edward I. Stevenson *has to tell them about the toothache from which he recently suffered. Then there is an "Astronomical Acrostic Puzzle," by* Mr. George Folsom, *which will afford them a great deal of entertainment.*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE President has dealt an unexpected blow at one of the chief pillars of the spoils system—Senatorial courtesy. Last year his friends Senators CONKLING and PLATT resigned because President GARFIELD made a nomination which was objectionable to them, and which the Senate confirmed. The Vice-President sustained them in that action, and labored to secure their re-election as a rebuke to the President, who had "made war" upon them by the distasteful nomination. This year the Vice-President, become President, makes a nomination which is peculiarly offensive to the Senators from Massachusetts, as they are reported to have said in executive session; and Senator ROLLINS, of New Hampshire, a frank friend of the spoils system, according to the same report, maintained the right of the President to nominate without regard to the dictation of Senators! This declaration of Senator ROLLINS is in singular accord with the fine Cameronian sentiments of reform at the late Pennsylvania Convention. Senator ROLLINS is right, but of course he sees that he has cut the ground from under Mr. CAMERON's feet. If the President may nominate without regard to the dictation of Senators—as we have long insisted—what becomes of Senator CAMERON? What other claim has he to the Senatorship in the view of his followers in Pennsylvania than that he dictates the President's nominations in that State? We are as glad now as we were last year to see the usurpation of "Senatorial courtesy" overthrown. We hold now, as we held then, that the President should exercise his constitutional prerogative of nomination upon his official responsibility. But we also hold, as we have always held, that it is a great and perilous abuse of that prerogative to remove fit officers for political or personal reasons, whether peremptorily or by declining to recommission them.

The whole Republican situation illustrates the mischiefs of the spoils system. It is destroying the Republican party. In Pennsylvania the schism is virtually complete. But it is obvious that except for the quarrels that inevitably spring from the abuse of patronage, and the consequent political management, of which Senator CAMERON is the representative, the party would be harmonious. In Massachusetts the practical removal of Mr. BEARD from the Collectorship at Boston is a bomb thrown into a peaceful camp. It alienates nine-tenths of the party. It arrays the party against the Administration, and the Civil Service Reform Association in Boston, representing the intelligent Republican sentiment of the city, and supported by its petition of 10,000 names sent to Congress for the PENDLETON bill, accepts the nomination of the new Collector as an almost formal avowal of the contempt of the Republican President and Senate for reform, and exhorts the people of Massachusetts to elect as Representatives in Congress only the known friends of reform. It is as evident in Massachusetts as in Pennsylvania that had the sound principle of continuing honest and efficient officers been observed, Republican support of the Administration would have been enthusiastic. In New York the party division due to this same cause is deep and deadly. There have been often differences in the party. Senator SEWARD had his opponents. There was an actual defection in 1872. But never has so general and powerful and radical an opposition been expressed by the Republican press of the State to a Republican Administration as now. The best friends of the Administration admit it. Never was the party in so critical a position. Yet here again nothing is clearer than that refusal to make official changes for political or personal reasons—which includes, of course, the retention of honest and capable officers—would have consolidated the party. If disaster should befall the Republican party at any point in the autumn elections, it would be directly due to the fatal spoils system. The quarrel between Governor CORNELL and his late friends of the late machine springs wholly from the same cause.

The situation must show itself in the elections. The exhortation of the Boston Reform Association will be followed. There are thousands of voters of both parties all over the country who will support for Congress those candidates whom they know to be honestly for the reform of this system which preys upon all parties, as well as upon the public revenues and morals. Those who wish to avoid the perils to party that lurk in this disposition of the voters must devise some more efficient remedy than snarling at "kickers," "bolters," "scratchers," "soreheads," and "grumblers." Three years ago there was a loud outcry against this journal, as well as others, as advocating "scratching." But there were 30,000 scratchers in the State, and Mr. CORNELL was left in a minority. Who was responsible? Who is responsible for the Pennsylvania schism? Senator CAMERON, who uses patronage and the party organization to further his personal plans, or Republicans who refuse to be used for that purpose? In the answer to that question lies the explanation of the political situation.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Political feeling in England upon the Irish question is hardly less bitter than it was in this country during the civil war. How completely a statesman may be misunderstood by intelligent men is shown by the letter written by Mr. FROUDE, the historian, a few weeks since, criticising the course of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. FROUDE's view of Irish history and of the remedies for the Irish situation seems to us to be utterly wrong; and therefore the sharper his censure of Mr. GLADSTONE, the more justifiable the position of Mr. GLADSTONE seems to be. On the 19th of March Mr. FROUDE wrote to a friend, who has since, with Mr. FROUDE's permission, published the letter:

> "GLADSTONE, I suppose, persuades himself by fine-sounding sentences that he is considering the good of Ireland; but he is considering only in reality the interests for the next session or two of the Liberal party—how to keep his majority together, and how to keep the Tories out of power.... They say GLADSTONE is perfectly self-satisfied. If he is, it only shows that by the present method of choosing our rulers not only do we not get the fittest men, but precisely the most unfit, for that purpose. I suppose that we are in the rapids above some cataract. At any rate, we are in a stream too strong to be resisted. We move fast, and we shall soon know where we are going."

This is but an illustration of the strictures upon Mr. GLADSTONE's administration. They are precisely of the kind that the Tories of a hundred years ago would have made if EDMUND BURKE had been Prime Minister instead of Lord NORTH, and had directed American policy upon the principles of his "conciliation" speech.

Mr. GLADSTONE's repression bill is probably the condition of friendly government in Ireland. This is an apparent paradox, but it is true. The English animosity to Ireland is so intense that had the Liberal ministry hesitated to introduce a strong measure, it would have been thrown out by a vote of want of confidence. The result would have been a Tory restoration, and a CASTLEREAGH and CORNWALLIS campaign of vengeance in Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE doubtless decided that the welfare of Ireland and the honor of England would be best subserved by retaining in his hands, which are friendly to Ireland, the administration of a law apparently necessary, and whose passage he could not prevent. What, then, is the actual situation? He defers to the overwhelming feeling of the hour, but turns it to good purpose. He proposes the force bill, but its discretion is vested in humane and liberal hands. The power is despotic, but he confides it to friends. This is the difference between this and all other Irish force bills. The new Irish Secretary begins by dismissing the officer who fired upon the crowd of sympathizers with the suspects, and the Prime Minister himself follows the force bill with a law relieving the payment of arrears of rent, which the Land League leaders support. This is what Mr. FROUDE would call part of the policy of spoliation of landlords. But it is really part of the policy for the maintenance of the integrity of the British Empire. Terror prevails in certain parts of Ireland. Those parts are fallen into anarchy. Jury trials, the course of justice, the protection of the lives and property of honest and innocent persons, are practically impossible. The government, therefore, improvises an arbitrary method of enforcing order. But it simultaneously demonstrates that its purpose is not hostile, but friendly, since it is to do justice and to remove real reasons of complaint.

Common-sense, experience, the long melancholy history of Ireland, show that the Irish trouble will grow until English statesmen are courageous enough to despise the talk about treating with law-breakers in arms, and perceive that, however violent and threatening the Irish declaration of suffering and wrong may be, it is substantially true, and must be remedied. This is what Mr. GLADSTONE saw at the time of the Clerkenwell plot, and it is what he knows now. Undoubtedly the two great obstructions in the way of any just and wise statesman are English fury and Irish folly. The English spirit which makes justice in Ireland so difficult is perfectly illustrated by the utterly stupid remark of some Englishman, quoted by Mr. SMALLEY in a letter to the *Tribune*, that "PARNELL doesn't govern the empire as much as he did." This is the spirit of WEDDERBURN with Dr. FRANKLIN. This Englishman really seems to suppose that Ireland is to be quieted without concert with those who are conversant with Irish feeling, and whom the Irish people trust. Mr. PARNELL and his friends will make a serious mistake if they permit the force bill, absolute as it seems, finally to break the understanding with Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. They are bound to consider the extreme difficulty of Mr. GLADSTONE's position as well as their own. They are morally bound to see that the hereditary foes of Ireland, the English Tories, see nothing with such delight as the hostility of the Irish leaders to the Liberal government of England.

"A WORD ABOUT AMERICA."

In his recent *Word about America*, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, with his characteristic light and airy touch, turns the remarks of some of his American critics to prove that he is right in saying that the civilization of this country shows that America is yet far from the perfection of "the humane life." Mr. ARNOLD is an agile fencer, and his sharp and flashing strokes undoubtedly tell. He denies, however, that he has said or implied that because America is still lacking, England excels. On the contrary, he plainly declares that the English middle class is distinguished by "a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners." Now he says the middle class in England is virtually the nation in America. Individuals, of course, he admits that America furnishes, "peers of any people in the world." But as "Philistinism" devastates England, so it ravages America. Don't let us quarrel, he says, but help each other to expel it.

In these diversions we shall not follow Mr. ARNOLD. But had he been in America he would undoubtedly agree, since he could not help perceiving, that the general impression produced upon an intelligent observer by the two countries is that of greater intelligence and greater courtesy among the English upon this side of the sea. That impression may be prejudice in an American, we admit, but what does Mr. ARNOLD mean by citing the present American position in regard to international copyright as proof of the dominating influence of "Murdstone and Quinion"? Constitutionally, the present American position is that of England. Literary property is protected in both countries, not because of the author's right, but because of advantage to the state. By common consent the present American position is, in substance, that it would be beneficial to the state to give the English author copyright, upon condition of the manufacture of the book in this country. This, indeed, does not acknowledge the complete right of the author to dispose absolutely and forever of the publication of his work. Nor does England acknowledge it. The copies of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON upon Mr. ARNOLD's shelves have paid no royalty to the heirs of those poets. But if Murdstone dictates the present position of this country upon this subject, he is equally powerful in England, for all the chief English authors of ten years ago, MILL, CARLYLE, DARWIN, SPENCER, and the rest—and MATTHEW ARNOLD is the only conspicuous name absent from the list—agreed cordially with the American view.

Even the "children of light," therefore, to whom Mr. ARNOLD appeals, do not "repudiate Mr. CONANT," at whom he wings his shaft, who merely expresses the view held by the great body of English and American authors, not of abstract right, but of a possible mutually satisfactory arrangement under the principle of literary property recognized both by the English and the American fundamental law. "I am not arguing," says Mr. Conant, "against international copyright, for in common with most of my countrymen I regard it as a just measure, and favor its adoption from reasons of right and policy." He speaks expressly not of an abstract right, but of a practicable understanding, and if his accents seem to Mr. Arnold to be those of Murdstone, we can only wonder by what mad elf Fine-Ear has been bewitched.

SENATOR MITCHELL.

An interview with Senator Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, is published in the Philadelphia *Press*, in which the Senator states clearly the nature of the independent movement, which is the most important event in current politics. The Senator is careful to say that it is not a movement against persons, nor is it a scramble for place. Its object is better methods of party and government administration, and the destruction of patronage as a personal or factional power. If the Republican party is to hold together as a controlling force in the election of 1884, Senator Mitchell and his friends hold it to be indispensable that the "boss" and "machine" system of party government should be overthrown.

Now the "boss" and the "machine" everywhere are the logical result of the spoils system. They are defended, as Tweed and his Ring were defended, as merely leadership and organization. But this is a trick of words which did not save Tweed; nor will it save any boss, although, unlike Tweed, he be personally a reputable man. While the system remains there will be always bosses and machines. The independent Republicans in Pennsylvania, therefore, are not merely declaiming against a boss whom they do not like, for the benefit of one whom they do; they are not angry because others control the offices which they wish to control; but they aim at placing the civil service upon another basis than that of personal influence. If their Convention shall speak as strongly as Senator Mitchell, it will mark a new departure in politics.

The Senator says:

> "The National Administration appears to be determined to stand by this Stalwart use of the spoils system to perpetuate itself. This is a suicidal policy, and it will fail, as it deserves to fail. The President has power under existing laws to inaugurate a true civil service reform in every great Post-office, Custom-house, and department of the government. It has been tried in those at New York, and has succeeded admirably. It insures good service on purely business principles, and it has resulted in large savings in expenses wherever it has been tried, whether here or in England. It will save public men from the waste of most of their time incident to the practice in vogue, and it will leave them free to devote their energies to their proper duties. After some experience in public affairs, and after an examination into the practical workings of the system as a member of the Civil Service Committee of the Senate, I am fully satisfied that this system should be promptly adopted and worked out to what I regard as an assured success in this country. It will come, and come in the near future. This force is a balance of power in this country, and it will, as I hope and believe, control the next Presidential election. Had President Arthur seen this, and acted accordingly, he might have been his own successor. There may be time yet, but I fear there is not. I have small hope of his conversion to this view."

Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the immense progress which this movement has made than that a Senator of Pennsylvania should fling down the gauntlet to his colleague, the chief representative of the spoils system, and stake his political career upon the result of the contest.

INTELLIGENT ALMS-GIVING.

Mayor Grace said at the meeting of the Charity Organization Society the other evening that he was entirely in sympathy with the movement, although he doubted the wisdom of charity on pure business principles. Charity, undoubtedly, is a grace of the heart, and is best administered by benevolent feeling, but only if it be as wise as benevolent. The pauperism of great cities, however, and of modern society, is one of the most serious and perplexing of problems, and Mayor Grace's own observation and experience have evidently taught him that it can not be dealt with merely by sentimental emotion. For all the purposes, therefore, which the Christian and charitable and wise citizen has at heart, there has been no more promising movement than that of the society which has been recently organized by some of the foremost citizens of New York who are most familiar with such enterprises.

The society is not an alms-giving institution, but a clearing-house of charities. It interferes with no existing association, but aims to render every such association more efficient by furnishing information which is indispensable to the economical and proper activity of all. It is a medium of co-operation by which the enormous waste and pernicious results of ignorant alms-giving may be avoided, and the gifts of the charitable made to relieve the needy instead of fostering idleness and crime. The society proposes, on the one hand, to be perfectly familiar with all the actual alms-giving associations, and on the other, to be thoroughly acquainted with the poor of the city who need assistance. It will thus, as Secretary Kellogg truly says, bring the want and the remedy together.

The general plan of procedure is to divide the city into districts, each district to be independent under the authority of the society. A complete body of visitors will report upon every case of need, which will be referred to the proper charitable association. In this way, by an energetic co-operation of intelligence and experience, poverty will be relieved and pauperism checked. Moreover, knowing the existence of such a thorough and sensible system of relief, no person will be justified either in turning a deaf ear to an appeal for charity, or in blindly giving to promote drunkenness and crime. The actual honest poverty in a great community like New York imposes a distinct duty upon every citizen, and whoever gives at random to escape importunity or to soothe his conscience, when he knows that such giving increases destitution and vice, is an offender against the community. The society is an advancing step in Christian civilization. Its office is at No. 67 Madison Avenue, and no enterprise better deserves the practical aid of all truly benevolent citizens.

AGRICULTURE IN THE CABINET.

The proposal to make the Commissioner of Agriculture the Secretary of a department and a member of the cabinet has re-appeared in Congress, but we have not seen a single valid argument for it, nor a single newspaper which favors it. Agriculture is, indeed, one of the most important interests in the country. But every important interest can not be accommodated with a distinctive representative in the cabinet. Every department which is so represented has charge of a distinct branch of the actual business which is transacted by the government. But the government has no agricultural business to transact. Education is a vitally important interest, and is certainly no less entitled than agriculture to a seat in the cabinet. In the States, all of which sustain a great and costly system of education, there are properly public officers appointed to superintend the system. But there is no national system of education, and a Secretary of Education in the cabinet would be most superfluous.

The discussion of this subject has raised the question of the real value of the Bureau or Department of Agriculture. Certainly no other bureau has occasioned so much good-natured fun, and the distribution of seeds and reports has suggested a very sober inquiry whether the expense is not a waste. Mr. George Geddes, in a letter to the *Tribune*, asks some very trenchant questions. He recently received a package of seeds from the department, the object of the distribution being, according to the official statement, to introduce new and valuable products. Upon this Mr. Geddes remarks:

> "I took a package of these seeds, seven varieties, put up nicely in small papers, to a leading seed store in Syracuse, and found that six of these varieties of seeds were there and then on sale, and their merits well known and proven for many years. The seventh, Kankakee water-melon, had an unknown name. It may be a 'new and valuable' variety, but more likely is one of the half-score well-known and fully tested varieties on sale, under another name. Assuming this department water-melon to be of the average value of those on sale, the whole seven papers of seeds were worth at retail just twenty-five cents. Can the Commissioner believe that he is promoting the interests of agriculture by sending out these seeds, giving them away, to the manifest injury of the regular dealers in garden seeds? Eighty thousand dollars a year in little bribes of a quarter of a dollar each to make this department popular! 'New and valuable' products; six-sevenths, certainly, on sale in every great seed store."

The vote in the House of Representatives to raise the Agricultural Department into the cabinet was very large; indeed, it was almost unanimous. But it is not a question to be decided without ample discussion, to which the press is contributing with a force and unanimity which will probably dispose of it.

THE JUDICIAL RECORD OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

The article under this title, by Mr. John S. Benson, of the New York bar, which appeared in Harper's Magazine for October, 1873, has just been reprinted in a pamphlet by Baker, Voorhis, & Co. The article is written in a popular and pleasing style, and will greatly interest those who wish to see a clear and just statement of the late Chief Justice's position upon the great questions arising from the war.

"KEPT IN THE DARK."

Mr. Anthony Trollope is now a veteran story-teller, but his hold of the public interest has never relaxed. He is still read with the same interest and pleasure. His cool tints are like the grays which painters fondly point out upon the canvas as the enduring colors, and every new book of his is like a visit from a friend who brings his own welcome. In this number of the Weekly Mr. Trollope once more pays our readers a visit, and his opening words are as pleasant and attractive as ever. There is no tantalizing delay, and the love-making begins at once. There is no need of exhorting the reader to begin with it, for the pleasant story-teller is sure to draw him on.

A POPULAR TRIBUTE TO LONGFELLOW.

We mentioned last week the proposed memorial to Longfellow. Since the paper was issued, the statement of the association has been published, and it proposes the general scheme to which we alluded—the purchase of the grounds lying between the house and the river, with some form of personal memorial of the poet, the grounds to be kept forever open to the public, and, if practicable, the historic house to be permanently preserved, should it ever pass out of the possession of the poet's family. For this purpose a national dollar subscription is proposed by the association, which will make every subscriber an honorary member of the association. No more beautiful or worthy object could be proposed to all who have felt the pure and hallowing influence of the genius of Longfellow; and if every reader of these words who has been cheered and strengthened by the poet will send a dollar to Mr. John Bartlett, the treasurer, box 1590, Boston, Massachusetts, the pious work will have been accomplished.

PERSONAL.

Major Garret J. Lydecker, who has just been appointed Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia, is a son of Mr. J. R. Lydecker, for many years one of the deputy collectors in the Custom-house. In 1860, General Sickles, then in Congress, having the appointment of a cadet at West Point, offered it to that student in the public schools of his district who should win it in a competitive examination. Young Lydecker was the successful candidate. On entering West Point he at once took position at the head of his class, and maintained it during his entire course, graduating No. 1. He entered the Engineer Corps in June, 1864, and in December following was brevetted captain for zeal and efficiency during the campaign in Georgia, and in 1865 was brevetted major for "faithful and meritorious service in the campaign through Georgia and the Carolinas." In Harper's Weekly of August 16, 1860, is a portrait of young Lydecker as he appeared when a lad at the time he won his cadetship.

—Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, who has recently bought a house in Fifth Avenue, in this city, proposes to spend the summer in London. Mr. Barrett is a scholarly man, reading both Greek and Latin, and being especially versed in Greek, as well as in modern history.

—Among the leading features of the highly successful fair recently held at the Church of St. Lawrence, in Eighty-fourth Street, in this city, was a good-natured but very spirited contest for the Governor's cane. After several days of heavy balloting, the result was finally declared in favor of Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan, who received 19,500 votes. Mr. Michael Duffy received 16,716 votes, Mr. John Kelly 12,053, Mr. Roswell P. Flower 5107, Mr. Charles Folger 4068, and Mr. William R. Grace 3369. Accompanying the cane was a certificate of election in old-fashioned lettering, handsomely executed and elegantly framed. The composition is an exceedingly clever bit of fun. In the upper left-hand corner of the certificate is a typical old Knickerbocker with long pipe, broad-brimmed hat, and wide collar, and in the opposite corner a portrait of his Honor Mayor Grace, also in Knickerbocker dress, but minus the pipe. In the lower corner are two seals—one that of the Secretary of State, and the other the great seal of the State of New York. Mr. Sullivan may well feel proud of this quaint testimonial of his popularity.

—Dr. Koch, the young German professor who has recently made such successful experiments and discoveries in tubercular consumption, was until recently a modest young doctor of Breslau. The German government, on the alert to put talent to use, reached out its arm and gave him the post of government adviser in the Imperial Board of Health. Then it became his *business* to investigate, and in making his researches he simply selected the one human disease which, according to German statistics, carries off one-seventh of the mortality, and one-third of those who die in active middle life. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, in commenting upon this, says that in Philadelphia during the last three years the ratio of consumptive deaths to those of all ages and all diseases is about one in every six and a half. The proportion of consumptives in adult deaths is nearly one-fourth.

—We are getting beyond the rigidities of Calvinism. On the 13th inst. the session of the House of Representatives was opened with a prayer by Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, of Houston, Texas, upon invitation of Chaplain Power. This is the third time a rabbi has made the opening prayer at the House sessions.

—Miss Annie Louise Cary, one of the best and prettiest of American prime donne, writes to a musical friend in Worcester, Massachusetts, that her last song in public will be given on the 17th of June, when she will "change her local habitation and her name," a New York broker having a "call" on her at that time, and proposing to transfer his "security" to himself. After that the two will pursue the even tenor and contralto of their way together.

—Mrs. M. M. Ricker, who was a few days since admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, is said by a United States Senator to have passed the best examination among seventeen applicants, all men but herself. She was especially well versed in the law of real property, a branch supposed to be a little above the feminine practitioner.

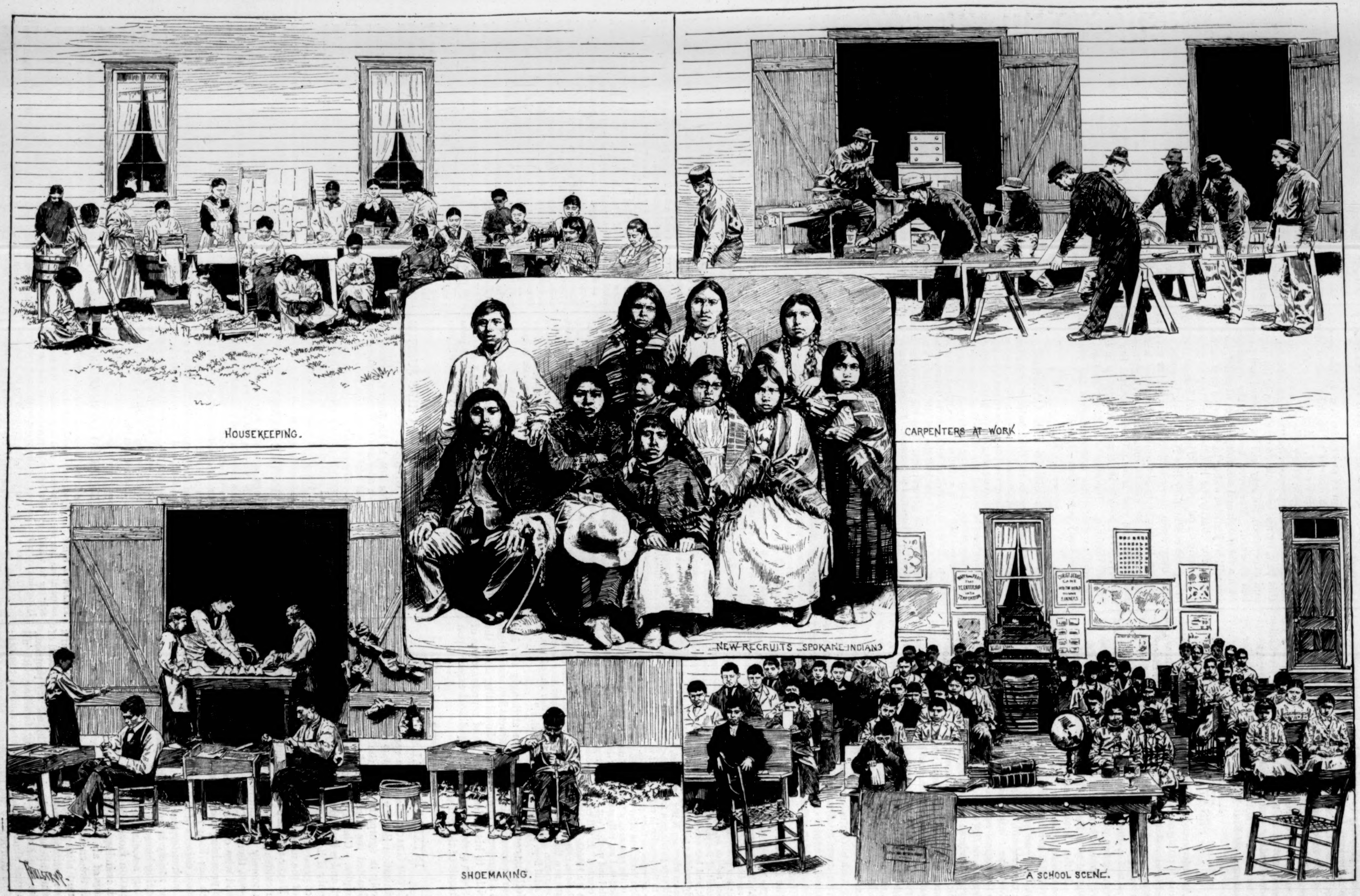
—Thomas McElrath, of Marlborough, Ulster County, New York, a well-to-do, hale, and hearty farmer, has not slept a wink in thirteen years. His case has baffled noted physicians, and he has tried every known remedy for it without avail. "During the silent watches of the night," he says, "I never nod nor doze, but pass the time in reading the Scriptures." He has several sons in active business.

—Ex-Governor Stanford, of California, proposes to spend a million of dollars on his Vina vineyard in that State. He thinks that better grapes may be raised and better wine made in California than anywhere else in the world.

—The homestead of Henry Clay, in Lexington, Kentucky, has recently been sold for $60,000. It includes 324 acres of choice land.

—Dr. Holmes, in his address on Emerson before the Massachusetts Historical Society, said: "Here was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." He also said that "to sum up briefly what would, as it seemed to him, be the text to be unfolded in Emerson's biography, he was a man of excellent common-sense, with a genius so uncommon that he seemed like an exotic transplanted from some exotic nursery." Mr. Whittier said that one day he was driving with Emerson down one of the Concord roads, and talking about theology. "As we drove past a certain house, Mr. Emerson said, turning his head toward it, 'There lives a good Calvinistic woman, who prays for me every day'; and then, with his fine indescribable smile, 'I'm glad of it.'"

—The jury of examination in a literary competition on the subjects of "Public Education" and "Relief of Pauperism," chosen two years ago by the eminent philanthropist M. Isaac Péreire, and presided over by M. Dumas, of the French Academy, has just rendered its verdict, awarding the first prize of 10,000 francs to M. Hippeau for his work on popular education in France. He received the dispatch announcing the decision of the jury while attending the baptismal ceremony of his little grandchild in Lannion, Brittany, and the whole city came to congratulate him, which was no small addition to the festive occasion. M. Hippeau has written a small library of books on the subject of public education in the United States, Russia, Sweden, Spain, Italy, etc. His elder son, Edmond, is editor-in-chief of *L'Avenir Diplomatique* and *La Renaissance Musicale*, and is also engaged upon a life of Hector Berlioz; his younger son, Paul, is prefect at Lannion. M. Hippeau's daughter is the wife of Mr. James S. Merriam, a prominent lawyer of this city, and sister-in-law of Professor Augustus C. Merriam, of Columbia College.



HOUSEKEEPING.

CARPENTERS AT WORK.

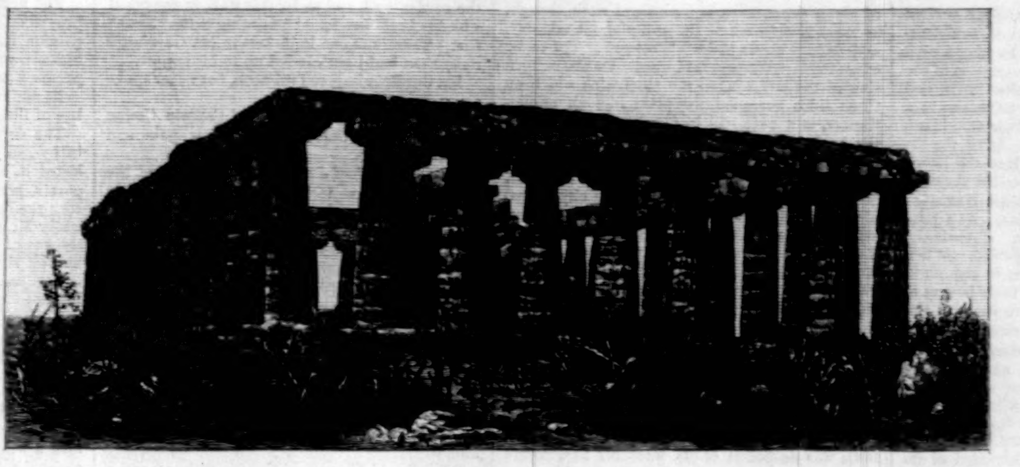
NEW RECRUITS—SPOKANE INDIANS.

SHOEMAKING.

A SCHOOL SCENE.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, FOREST GROVE, OREGON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup, from Photographs by Davidson.—[See Page 327.]

FROM SALERNO TO PÆSTUM.



THE BASILICA.

Among the thousands of tourists now leaving our shores for Europe, hundreds will not go to Italy at all, and of the hundreds that do, by far the larger part will content themselves with a few weeks in Tuscany, a month or so in Rome, and a week in Naples. Then, with serene conscience and calm front, they will think they have "done" the Italian peninsula.

Now it is an open question whether these weak souls do not do well in thus limiting their efforts and contenting themselves with small achievements. There is a quite sufficient number of castles and cathedrals and picture-galleries and ruins to be encountered within this range, and a more than sufficient amount of exhaustion and nervous fatigue to be endured, without going further. Madox and I, therefore, being two very ordinary people, felt like heroes when we poked our noses out of bed, and glancing from the windows of the old monastery at Salerno, now transformed into an inn, assured each other that we were positively *en route* for Pæstum.

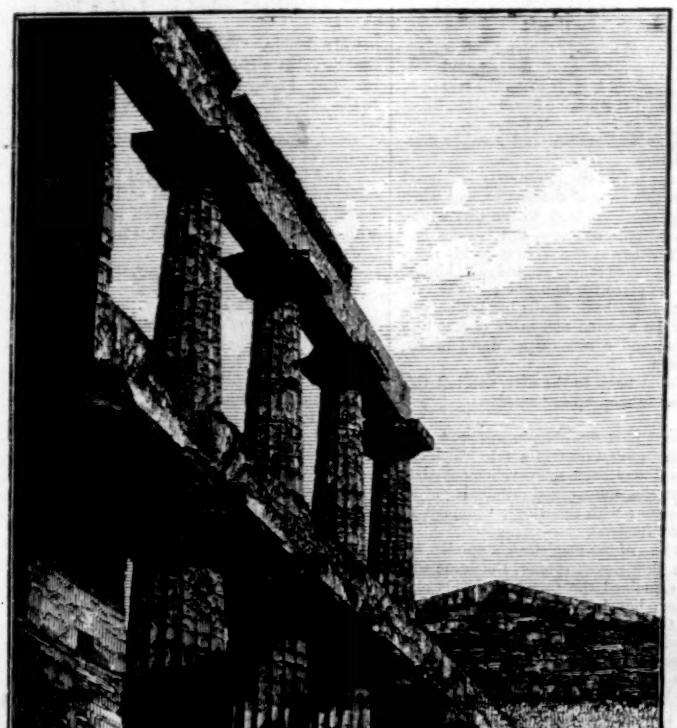
Fifty-two miles by carriage in one day is no slight task, and yet it is the pleasantest and easiest way by which the traveller can visit these ruins. He may, if he likes, send the carriage ahead from Salerno to Battipaglia, and get himself transported one-half the distance by rail, taking possession of his vehicle at the latter place; but it is generally considered more satisfactory to get one's self, one's wraps, and the lunch basket comfortably tucked in at Salerno, and do the whole journey by horse-power. In this way the struggle with porters, cabmen, and railroad officials is avoided, and instead of being a slave to time, the traveller can use his own pleasure, spend as much time as he likes in exploring the ruins, and return whenever he pleases.

The attractions of Greek ruins, like those of most other mundane things, vary according to the mood in which they are discussed. Considered overnight, when in true Falstaffian mood one is taking one's ease in one's inn, they appear immense. Looked at in the gray light of a chilly morning, when one's nap is being interrupted by an impatient waiter, furious at being dragged out of bed at an unearthly hour to humor the whims of early-rising guests, they take the shape of senseless piles of stone possessing no interest whatever. Madox and I had been enthusiastic over the ruins of Pæstum at nine in the evening; at five the next morning we heartily wished that these relics of ancient Greek civilization on Italian shores had perished with the rest. This mood continued until we had finished our toilets, contended with the exasperated waiter for the breakfast he seemed determined we should not have, secured our lunch basket, and deposited ourselves in the carriage. Then, as our three steeds trotted jauntily along—for in this part of the world a third horse is always attached when an extra long journey is in prospect—we found time to admire the glorious sunshine of an Italian morning, the terraced heights of Salerno's castled steeps, and the azure beauty of her bay. Presently we came to an understanding with our coachman and his assistant, perched on the carriage behind, to the effect that they were both to hold their tongues, after which the journey became a delight.

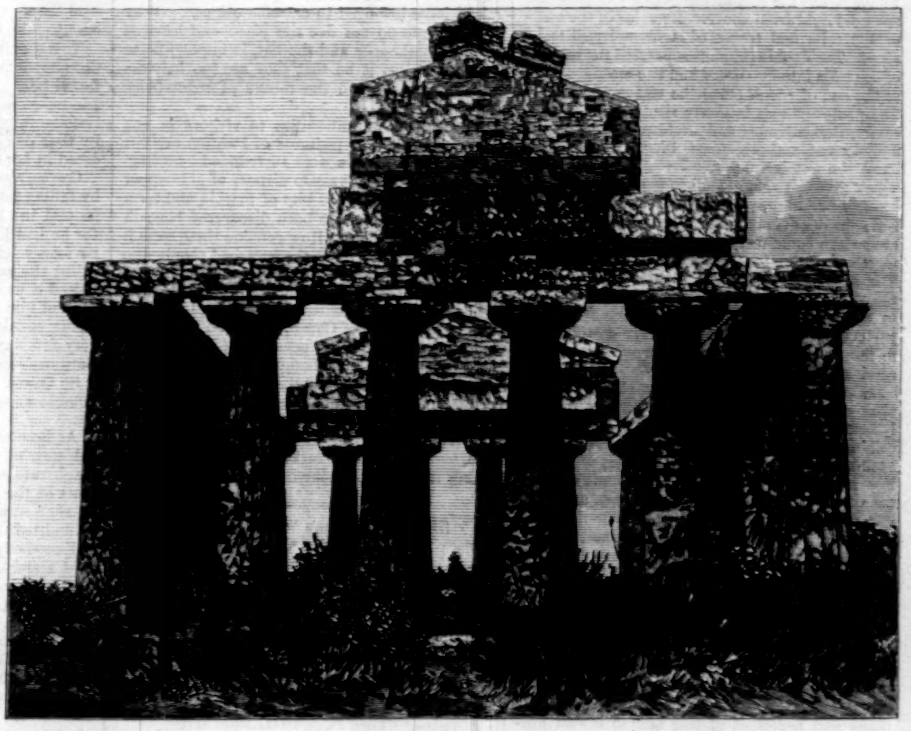
From Salerno the route to Pæstum is by the great Calabrian road as far as Battipaglia. On leaving the town it passes among a series of beautiful terraced gardens, from the walls of which nut-brown Salernian maids, with crimson kerchiefs round their hair, pelted us with roses. Great masses of blossoms came tumbling upon us, in return for which we tossed back coppers, bringing our assailants from their perches for a scrimmage in the road to see which could find the ugly coins. Presently the route passes beyond the rose-covered terraces and from the hills into a level marshy plain, like the Roman Campagna in character, but more limited in extent. Here for miles and miles the journey is enlivened only by a few herds of buffalo, an occasional load of hay drawn by these tufted beasts, and now and then a group of wandering peasants. About six miles beyond Battipaglia the road is joined by that from the ancient town of Eboli, which skirts the oak forest of Persano. A little farther on, and the plain is broken by the impetuous river Sele, the ancient Silarus, crossed by a stone bridge which has frequently been rebuilt.

This point is one at which the traveller usually looks with some interest, and if he is not particularly courageous, he feels better when he has passed it. Under the shadow of the towers of this bridge used to lurk the famous brigand Manzi, with a party of his followers, waiting for victims. Manzi and his doings are things of the past, owing to the energetic measures of the new government; but the memory of his tricks is still very fresh, and when one sees the absolutely helpless situation a party of travellers is in with all that desolate plain about, and not a habitation more imposing than a peasant's hut as far as the eye can reach, there is a sort of instinctive shudder, and a feeling that perhaps, in spite of the vigilance of the authorities, Manzi has had a successor. Visions arise of a party of picturesque gentlemen with high boots, crimson shirts, and broad-brimmed hats adorned with tassels, presenting knives and pistols, and inviting one to a retreat in some mountain cavern, from which one will issue in sections, the end of one's nose or two or three fingers going home occasionally to one's friends by way of suggesting a ransom amounting perhaps to more of worldly wealth than one possesses. A number of years ago a terrible tragedy was enacted along this part of the road to Pæstum. An English gentleman named Hunt and his wife were attacked by a party of eighteen bandits, and most foully murdered. Mrs. Hunt had made a foolish display of jewelry at the inn where she passed the night, and the following day her indiscretion cost herself and her husband their lives. Seventeen of the bandits were afterward captured, and expiated the crime on the scaffold. The details of the monstrous act were confessed and explained by the eighteenth murderer on his death-bed.

Just beyond the bridge that crosses the Sele we met a cheerful inhabitant of the plain in the shape of an immense black-snake. This attractive creature, which would have sufficed to put Madox in hysterics had she encountered him on foot, darted between our carriage wheels, and suggested a pleasant prospect of others of his kind that might be awaiting us when we should alight at the ruins. On yet for miles and miles without meeting a human habitation or living creature. Then we came to a spot where a courageous party of peasants were making an effort to cultivate a small patch of land. To our surprise, on approaching we found the laborers to be all women. There was one man in the party, who seemed to occupy the proud position of overseer. He stood with his female group around him, but not a shovel or a hoe did he touch. The implements used by the women were of the most primitive description. All the inventions of modern progress have been without effect upon the manner of cultivating the soil in Southern Italy. Not far from the laborious group we saw an ancient threshing-floor. Here, as in Scriptural days, when the harvest is ripe the ox treadeth out the corn. In one place we saw a number of peasants mending the road. Here, again, the labor was all performed by women, the earth being carried in baskets upon their heads.



THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE—INTERIOR.



THE TEMPLE OF CERES.

It is not until after a drive of between four and five hours over this waste and desolate plain, once one of the most productive and thickly populated portions of the Italian peninsula, that one sees the temples of Pæstum rising in the distance. Even after they appear, with their great Doric columns and massive pediments outlined against the sky, it is again some time before the carriage enters the old gate between the town walls, and passing the Temple of Ceres, under whose ruined shadows hover several miserable modern hovels, draws up before the best preserved of the three temples, that of Neptune. Here the traveller, who has been dreaming of the glories of ancient Greece, is, as usual in such cases, brought at once face to face with the shame and disgrace of modern Italy. No less than a dozen miserable beggars of all ages and both sexes dropped apparently from the sky and sprang up from the earth to besiege our carriage. They pushed themselves under the horses' heels, clung to the wheels, and climbed on the steps. There is something mysterious about the Italian beggar. He can not be ubiquitous, neither is he a specially active member of the human race; at the same time he has a habit of appearing at times and in places in a way that makes him seem more or less superhuman. One may be travelling in what is apparently the most lonely and deserted of wildernesses; a moment's halt, and there will be about one from ten to twenty people, clad in rags, and exhibiting every variety of human misery. The phenomenon is probably explicable on the hypothesis that while the traveller is dreaming of the past and wonderful days that produced the monuments he is about to visit, the whole attention of the wretched inhabitants of the surrounding country is upon him. They follow from afar off, and a moment's halt enables them to present their petitions for the charity which is apparently their only means of subsistence.

According to Strabo, Pæstum was founded by the Greeks from

AN ITALIAN RESORT—PÆSTUM AND ITS TEMPLES.

Sybaris about the year 600 B.C., and its ancient name of Poseidonia, City of Neptune, sufficiently indicates its Greek origin. In the fourth century B.C. the town was in the possession of the Lucanians, who oppressed the inhabitants, and at that period the citizens used to celebrate a festival annually in memory of their Greek origin and their former prosperity. After the defeat of Pyrrhus, Poseidonia fell into the hands of the Romans, who in 273 B.C. founded the colony of Pæstum. In the wars against Hannibal the town remained faithful to Rome. At a later period it gradually fell into decay. Christianity took root in Pæstum at an early period. When the Saracens devastated the town in the ninth century, the inhabitants fled with their bishop to the neighboring heights, and there founded Capaccio Vecchio. In the eleventh century the deserted city was despoiled of its monuments and sculptures by Robert Guiscard, and many of them will be found adorning the neighboring towns of Salerno, Amalfi, and Ravello. Pæstum remained in its desolate condition for many centuries. In modern days antiquarians have sought it out, and although long since despoiled of its ancient treasures, it still exhibits three of the most splendid monuments of ancient Greek architecture in existence. Only at Athens itself can finer specimens be found.

To our minds the most noticeable feature of these ancient temples was their tremendous solidity and their want of interior space. The columns are of sufficient strength and dimensions to have supported a basilica as large as St. Peter's at Rome, and yet the Temple of Neptune measures only sixty-three yards in length by twenty-eight yards in width. Within this space are thirty-six magnificent fluted Doric columns, each seven and a half feet in diameter, and all well preserved. In the interior, and consuming certainly one-third of the area, are two series of six columns, each being six feet in diameter, with a second row of smaller columns above, which supported the roof. The latter are preserved on one side only, and it seems strange that the rest should have stood so long, considering the nature of the material of which they are built. The stone is a kind of travertine, to which age has imparted a mellow tone, and it contains fossil reeds and aquatic plants. So imperfect and uneven was the stone that it was originally covered with stucco to conceal the imperfections. That part of the temple where the image stood was originally open to the sky, by which means the rest of the edifice was lit by the splendid light from above. Remains of the walls of the cella and traces of stairs are still to be seen. The double columns separated the interior of the cella into one broad and two smaller aisles, at the end of which stood the statue of the god. The pediment was formerly richly adorned with colors, the columns and architrave yellow, the metopes red, and other parts blue. On the other hand, the wonderful gold-color of the travertine, which gives its rich glowing tone and an almost brown tinge to the temple when the sun sheds his full splendor over it, has arisen from the oxidizing of the iron contained in it. The columns are put together out of four great pieces of travertine. The proportions of these, whether viewed from the vicinity or from a distance, are pronounced by those learned in architecture to be absolutely perfect in their tapering symmetry. A stone base in the east façade probably belonged to a large sacrificial altar.

A little to the south of the Temple of Neptune rises another edifice of the same kind, erroneously called the Basilica. It is of much more recent origin than the first temple, but it is also of great antiquity. Its proportions, however, are much less majestic than those of the Temple of Neptune. Each side has sixteen columns, and each end nine, all of travertine stone. The shafts of the columns taper upward in a curve, and the capitals are of a peculiar form which does not occur elsewhere. A series of columns in the central long wall by a singular arrangement divides the temple in halves, so that it must have contained originally two cellæ. The third temple, that of Ceres according to certain writers, and that of Vesta according to others, has a peristyle of thirty-four columns, six at each end and eleven on each side. Although little more than the columns and pediment of this temple is still preserved, it is a fine example of the simple and majestic Greek style. Between the Temple of Neptune and that of Ceres a few fragments of Roman building have been discovered, which are supposed to indicate the former existence of a theatre and an amphitheatre. The latter is intersected by the road. A Roman temple was also discovered here in 1830. Concealed among the underbrush near this place are two metopes, adorned with high reliefs. These remains are, however, insignificant compared with the Greek. In front of these temples formerly extended the Forum of the ancient town, huge bases that probably once sustained majestic statues being still distinguishable. Of the rose gardens of Pæstum, so much extolled by ancient poets, no traces now exist. The temples are adorned with a luxuriant growth of ferns and acanthus. The only living thing about them, save the travellers who now and then appear to break the silence with their chatter as they wander carelessly about, are the lizards, the grasshoppers, and the gliding snake.

The ancient town walls of Pæstum are sufficiently well preserved to show exactly the space that was originally inclosed. Like the buildings of the city, they were constructed of travertine, and have stood the influences of time wonderfully well. The process of decay has probably been stopped by the deposits of earth that have gathered upon them, and the luxuriant growth of weeds that covers them. The shape of the city was that of an irregular hexagon, and its situation was upon the river Salso, not far from the coast. A path has been made on the top of the ruined wall by the foot-prints of visitors, and the circuit of about three miles is a pleasant walk, though, as most people reach the ruins about mid-day, and depart about three o'clock, it is apt to be exceedingly warm and fatiguing. On the eastern side of the city, toward the mountains which on three sides surround the plain like an amphitheatre, is a gate still in fine preservation. On the key-stones are two bass-reliefs representing dolphins and sirens. Outside the gate are fragments of an aqueduct, the pavement of the road, and several towers, showing that the city probably extended for some considerable distance outside the walls. Without the north gate, by which the traveller enters the town from Salerno, was a street of tombs. The inhabitants of Pæstum, like those of Pompeii, buried their dead along the highway, and some of the finest relics of the ancient inhabitants came from these sepulchres. In several a fine collection of Greek weapons was found, and in one especially were discovered well-preserved mural paintings of warriors taking leave of their friends. But to trace the relics of Pæstum one must look for them in the churches and palaces of the cities round about. The old Greek town was despoiled of its treasures to decorate the edifices of pagans and Christians, and in wandering through half the churches and palaces for miles about one is constantly shown this painting or that statue or tablet which came from Pæstum.

The reputation of the Roman Campagna for malaria is much exceeded by that of the plains of Pæstum. Even in the days of Augustus the baneful influences were at work, and the Romans avoided the spot. To-day the traveller is warned not to spend more time amid the ruins than is necessary to fix them in the mind, and he is particularly exhorted not to yield to the desire to sleep which is pretty sure to overtake him during the latter part of the long drive back to Salerno. One is supposed to be more susceptible to atmospheric poisons while asleep, which accounts for the warning. One look, however, at the unhappy creatures who inhabit the few miserable dwellings that lie on the outskirts of the ruined city is enough to induce the traveller to take every precaution. Such livid yellow countenances and drawn and withered frames could only be produced by some terribly noxious influence. The children of the plain are old and wrinkled before their time. One miserable boy of fourteen who accompanied us about the ruins had the stature of a child of eight, with a lined and weary face and trembling uncertain gait that might have belonged to extreme old age. Why these people do not flee the place, and leave it to the grasshopper and the bat, is impossible to imagine, unless it be that they are too helpless and ignorant to find the means of subsistence elsewhere.

The selling of antiquities to visitors is one means by which the peasants of Pæstum eke out a scanty living. We were surrounded by a haggard motley crowd crazy to dispose of old copper coins, bronze birds, and bits of marble and terra cotta supposed to have been discovered beneath the soil round about. How genuine these were it is impossible to say, but the wretched people who had them scarcely seemed to possess intelligence enough to manufacture false antiquities. This branch of industry flourishes about Naples and in the neighborhood of Cumæ, Baiæ, and elsewhere, but we doubted that the peasants of Pæstum had learned the trick. We bought a few of them out of pure compassion; and then, as soon as we had explored the last ruined pile outside the gate, we bade our coachman set his three steeds in motion, and hurried from the scene, whose weird desolation, together with the lurking dangers in the air, makes it both depressing and terrible.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER II.

They ransacked the straw, and all the premises, and found—nothing.

Then, to make him sober and get something out of him, they pumped upon his head till he was very nearly choked. However, it told on him. He gasped for breath awhile, and rolled his eyes, and then coolly asked them had they found the villain.

They shook their fists at him. "Ay, we have found the villain, red-handed."

"I mean him as prowls about these parts in my waistcoat, and drove his knife into me last night—wonder a didn't kill me out of hand. Have ye found *him* amongst ye?"

This question met with a volley of jeers and execrations, and the constables pinioned him, and bundled him off in a cart to Bow Street, to wait examination.

Meantime two Bow Street runners came down with a warrant, and made a careful examination of the premises. The two keys were on the table. Mr. Gardiner's outer door was locked. There was no money either in his portmanteau or Captain Cowen's. Both pistols were found loaded, but no priming in the pan of the one that lay on the bed; the other was primed, but the bullets were above the powder.

Bradbury, one of the runners, took particular notice of all.

Outside, blood was traced from the stable to the garden wall, and under this wall, in the grass, a bloody knife was found belonging to the "Swan" Inn. There was one knife less in Mr. Gardiner's room than had been carried up to his supper.

Mr. Gardiner lingered till noon, but never spoke again.

The news spread swiftly, and Captain Cowen came home in the afternoon, very pale and shocked.

He had heard of a robbery and murder at the "Swan," and came to know more. The landlady told him all that had transpired, and that the villain Cox was in prison.

Cowen listened thoughtfully, and said: "Cox! No doubt he is a knave: but murder!—I should never have suspected him of that."

The landlady pooh-poohed his doubts. "Why, sir, the poor gentleman knew him, and wounded him in self-defense, and the rogue was found a-bleeding from that very wound, and my knife, as done the murder, not a stone's-throw from him as done it, which it was that Dan Cox, and he'll swing for't, please God." Then, changing her tone, she said, solemnly, "You'll come and see him, sir?"

"Yes," said Cowen, resolutely, with scarce a moment's hesitation.

The landlady led the way, and took the keys out of her pocket and opened Cowen's door. "We keep all locked," said she, half apologetically; "the magistrate bade us; and everything as we found it—God help us! There—look at your portmanteau. I wish you may not have been robbed as well."

"No matter," said he.

"But it matters to *me*," said she, "for the credit of the house." Then she gave him the key of the inner door, and waved her hand toward it, and sat down and began to cry.

Cowen went in and saw the appalling sight. He returned quickly, looking like a ghost, and muttered, "This is a terrible business."

"It is a bad business for me and all," said she. "He have robbed you too, I'll go bail."

Captain Cowen examined his trunk carefully. "Nothing to speak of," said he. "I've lost eight guineas and my gold watch."

"There!—there!—there!" cried the landlady.

"What does that matter, dame? *He* has lost his life."

"Ay, poor soul. But 'twon't bring him back, you being robbed and all. Was ever such an unfortunate woman? Murder and robbery in *my* house! Travellers will shun it like a pest-house. And the new landlord he only wanted a good excuse to take it down altogether."

This was followed by more sobbing and crying. Cowen took her down-stairs into the bar, and comforted her. They had a glass of spirits together, and he encouraged the flow of her egotism, till at last she fully persuaded herself it was *her* calamity that one man was robbed and another murdered in *her* house.

Cowen, always a favorite, quite won her heart by falling into this view of the matter, and when he told her he must go back to the City again, for he had important business, and besides had no money left, either in his pockets or his rifled valise, she encouraged him to go, and said, kindly, indeed it was no place for him now; it was very good of him to come back at all: but both apartments should be scoured and made decent in a very few days; and a new carpet down in Mr. Gardiner's room.

So Cowen went back to the City, and left this notable woman to mop up *her* murder.

At Bow Street next morning, in answer to the evidence of his guilt, Cox told a tale which the magistrate said was even more ridiculous than most of the stories uneducated criminals get up on such occasions; with this single comment he committed Cox for trial.

Everybody was of the magistrate's opinion, except a single Bow Street runner, the same who had already examined the premises. This man suspected Cox, but had one qualm of doubt, founded on the place where he had discovered the knife, and the circumstance of the blood being traced from that place to the stable, and not from the inn to the stable, and on a remark Cox had made to him in the cart. "I don't belong to the house. I haan't got no keys to go in and out o' nights. And if I took a hatful of gold, I'd be off with it into another country—wouldn't *you?* Him as took the gentleman's money, he knew where 'twas, and he have got it: I didn't, and I haan't."

Bradbury came down to the "Swan," and asked the landlady a question or two; she gave him short answers. He then told her that he wished to examine the wine that had come down from Mr. Gardiner's room.

The landlady looked him in the face, and said it had been drunk by the servants, or thrown away long ago.

"I have my doubts of that," said he.

"And welcome," said she.

Then he wished to examine the key-holes. "No," said she. "There has been prying enough into my house."

Said he, angrily: "You are obstructing justice. It is very suspicious."

"It is you that is suspicious, and a mischief-maker into the bargain," said she. "How do I know what you might put into my wine and my key-holes, and say you found it? You are well known, you Bow Street runners, for your hanky-panky tricks. Have *you* got a search-warrant, to throw more discredit upon my house? No? Then pack: and learn the law before you teach it me."

Bradbury retired, bitterly indignant, and his indignation strengthened his faint doubt of Cox's guilt.

He set a friend to watch the "Swan," and he himself gave his mind to the whole case, and visited Cox in Newgate three times before his trial.

The next novelty was that legal assistance was provided for Cox by a person who expressed compassion for his poverty and inability to defend himself, guilty or not guilty; and that benevolent person was—Captain Cowen.

In due course Daniel Cox was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey for robbery and murder.

The deposition of the murdered man was put in by the Crown, and the witnesses sworn who heard it, and Captain Cowen was called to support a portion of it. He swore that he supped with the deceased, and loaded one pistol for him, while Mr. Gardiner loaded the other; lent him the key of his own door for further security, and himself slept in the City.

The judge asked him where, and he said, "13, Farringdon Street."

It was elicited from him that he had provided counsel for the prisoner.

His evidence was very short, and to the point. It did not directly touch the accused, and the defendant's counsel, in spite of his client's eager desire, declined to cross-examine Captain Cowen. He thought a hostile examination of so respectable a witness, who brought nothing home to the accused, would only raise more indignation against his client.

The prosecution was strengthened by the reluctant evidence of Barbara Lamb. She deposed that three years ago Cox had been detected by her stealing money from a gentleman's table in the "Swan" Inn, and she gave the details.

The judge asked her whether this was at night.

"No, my Lord; at about four of the clock. He is never in the house at night. The mistress can't abide him."

"Has he any key of the house?"

"Oh dear no, my Lord."

The rest of the evidence for the Crown is virtually before the reader.

For the defense it was proved that the man was found drunk, with no money nor keys upon him, and that the knife was found under the wall, and the blood was traceable from the wall to the stable. Bradbury, who proved this, tried to get in about the wine, but this was stopped as irrelevant. "There is only one person under suspicion," said the judge, rather sternly.

As counsel were not allowed in that day to make speeches to the jury, but only to examine and cross-examine, and discuss points of law, Daniel Cox had to speak on his own defense.

"My Lord," said he, "it was my double done it."

"Your what?" asked my Lord, a little peevishly.

"My double. There's a rogue prowls about the 'Swan' at nights, which you couldn't tell him from me. [*Laughter.*] You needn't to laugh me to the gallows. I tell ye he have got a nose like mine." (*Laughter.*)

Clerk of Arraigns. Keep silence in the court, on pain of imprisonment.

"And he have got a waistcoat the very spit of mine, and a tumble-down hat such as I do wear. I saw him go by and let hisself into the 'Swan' with a key, and I told Sam Pott next morning."

Judge. Who is Sam Pott?

Culprit. Why, my stable-boy, to be sure.

Judge. Is he in court?

Culprit. I don't know. Ay, there he is.

Judge. Then you'd better call him.

Culprit (*shouting*). Hy! Sam!

Sam. Here be I.

(*Loud laughter.*)

The judge explained, calmly, that to call a witness meant to put him in the box and swear him, and that although it was irregular, yet he should allow Pott to be sworn, if it would do the prisoner any good.

Prisoner's counsel said he had no wish to swear Mr. Pott.

"Well, Mr. Gurney," said the judge, "I don't think he can do you any harm." Meaning in so desperate a case.

Thereupon Sam Pott was sworn, and deposed that Cox had told him about this double.

"When?"

"Often and often."

"Before the murder?"

"Long afore that."

Counsel for the Crown. Did you ever see this double?

"Not I."

Counsel. I thought not.

Daniel Cox went on to say that on the night of the murder he was up with a sick horse, and he saw his double let himself out of the inn the back way, and then turn round and close the door softly: so he slipped out to meet him. But the double saw him, and made for the garden wall. He ran up and caught him with one leg over the wall, and seized a black bag he was carrying off; the figure dropped it, and he heard a lot of money chink: that thereupon he cried, "Thieves!" and seized the man; but immediately received a blow, and lost his senses for a time. When he came to, the man and the bag were both gone, and he felt so sick that he staggered to the stable and drank a pint of neat brandy, and he remembered no more till they pumped on him, and told him he had robbed and murdered a gentleman inside the "Swan" Inn. "What they can't tell me," said Daniel, beginning to shout, "is how I could know who has got money, and who haan't, inside the 'Swan' Inn. I keeps the stables, not the inn: and where be my keys to open and shut the 'Swan'? I never had none. And where's the gentleman's money? 'Twas somebody in the inn as done it, for to have the money, and when you find the money, you'll find the man."

The prosecuting counsel ridiculed this defense, and *inter alia* asked the jury whether they thought it was a double the witness Lamb had caught robbing in the inn three years ago.

The judge summed up very closely, giving the evidence of every witness. What follows is a mere synopsis of his charge.

He showed it was beyond doubt that Mr. Gardiner returned to the inn with money, having collected his rents in Wiltshire; and this was known in the inn, and proved by several, and might have transpired in the yard or the tap-room. The unfortunate gentleman took Captain Cowen, a respectable person, his neighbor in the inn, into his confidence, and revealed his uneasiness. Captain Cowen swore that he supped with him, but could not stay all night, most unfortunately. But he encouraged him, left him his pistols, and helped him load them.

Then his Lordship read the dying man's deposition.

The person thus solemnly denounced was found in the stable, bleeding from a recent wound, which seems to connect him at once with the deed as described by the dying man.

"But here," said my Lord, "the chain is no longer perfect. A knife, taken from the 'Swan,' was found under the garden wall, and the first traces of blood commenced there, and continued to the stable, and were abundant on the straw and on the person of the accused. This was proved by the constable and others. No money was found on him, and no keys that could have opened any outer doors of the 'Swan' Inn. The accused had, however, three years before been guilty of a theft from a gentleman in the inn, which negatives his pretense that he always confined himself to the stables. It did not, however, appear that, on the occasion of the theft, he had unlocked any doors, or possessed the means. The witness for the Crown, Barbara Lamb, was clear on that."

"The prisoner's own solution of the mystery was not very credible. He said he had a double, or a person wearing his clothes and appearance; and he had seen this person prowling about long before the murder, and had spoken of the double to one Pott. Pott deposed that Cox had spoken of this double more than once; but admitted he never saw the double with his own eyes.

"This double, says the accused, on the fatal night let himself out of the 'Swan' Inn, and escaped to the garden wall. There he (Cox) came up with this mysterious person, and a scuffle ensued, in which a bag was dropped, and gave the sound of coin, and then Cox held the man and cried 'Thieves!' but presently received a wound, and fainted; and on recovering himself staggered to the stables and drank a pint of brandy.

"The story sounds ridiculous, and there is no direct evidence to back it. But there is a circumstance that lends some color to it. There was one blood-stained instrument, and no more, found on the premises, and that knife answers the description given by the dying man, and indeed may be taken to be the very knife missing from his room, and this knife was found under the garden wall, and there the blood commenced, and was traced to the stable.

"Here," said my Lord, "to my mind, lies the defense. Look at the case on all sides, gentlemen: an undoubted murder done by hands: no suspicion resting on any known person but the prisoner, a man who had already robbed in the inn; a confident recognition by one whose deposition is legal evidence, but evidence we can not cross-examine, and a recognition by moonlight only and in the heat of a struggle.

"If on this evidence, weakened not a little by the position of the knife and the traces of blood, and met by the prisoner's declaration which accords with that single branch of the evidence, you have a doubt, it is your duty to give the prisoner the full benefit of that doubt, as I have endeavored to do; and if you have no doubt, why, then you have only to support the law, and protect the lives of peaceful citizens. Whoever has committed this crime, it certainly is an alarming circumstance that, in a public inn, surrounded by honest people, guarded by locked doors, and armed with pistols, a peaceful citizen can be robbed like this of his money and his life."

The jury saw a murder at an inn; an accused, who had already robbed in that inn, and was denounced as his murderer by the victim. The verdict seemed to them to be Cox, or impunity. They all slept at inns. A double they had never seen; undetected accomplices they had all heard of. They waited twenty minutes, and brought in their verdict—Guilty.

The judge put on his black cap and condemned Daniel Cox to be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN SCHOOLS IN OREGON.

FOREST GROVE, near Portland, Oregon, is the site of an Indian training school, where some very interesting and valuable educational work is going on. The institution is under the superintendence of Captain M. C. WILKINSON, U.S.A., to whose zeal, patience, and tact its success is entirely due. Like all thinking men who have been brought into relations with the aborigines of this continent, Captain WILKINSON has devoted much reflection to what is called the Indian question. He believes that the real solution of the problem lies in the systematic education of the rising generation. He is no advocate of that system of bribery and terror which has so long prevailed on the frontier, but asserts that the Indian tribal relations must be broken up as incompatible with our social organization, and that no adult member of any tribe be kept as a ward of the government. Let the adults provide for themselves, as the rest of us have to do. But in the case of the children Captain WILKINSON justly holds that the government can with benefit to all parties expend its money in their education and training. They ought to be taught various trades and handicrafts, so that when they return to their homes they may be properly fitted for life's struggles, and will infuse new ambitions into future generations, and be missionaries of the higher life of order, labor, and civilization.

In the training school at Forest Grove one hundred young Indians between the ages of five and twenty are kept, well fed, well clothed, and happy, and, as far as can be judged from appearances, quite as intelligent as a similar number of white youths. They came to the school from the prairies and the mountains, dressed in blankets and moccasins, with uncut and unkempt hair, as wild as young coyotes. They have already learned to sing like nightingales and work like beavers. It is remarkable that these young children of the forest are perfectly amenable to discipline, and never break a rule. The boys learn how to make boots and shoes, build houses, shoe horses, and how to perform the various operations of agriculture. The girls learn to sew, darn, wash, cook, churn, iron, wash dishes, and keep their rooms in order. Both sexes learn their lessons promptly, and retain what they learn tenaciously. The common school games and amusements, playing ball, running races, and the like, are indulged in by the boys, while the little girls play with their dolls. They attend religious meetings and lectures, and sing and pray. The singing, indeed, is of remarkable excellence.

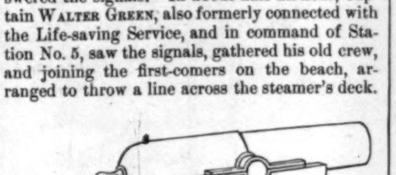
Captain WILKINSON last fall conducted his dusky pupils on a visit to Portland to attend the Young Men's Christian Association meeting, and the sight of these young red-skins excited general admiration. Captain WILKINSON gave some details of the organization of the school. The United States government for the first year appropriated only $5000 for him to start a school of twenty-five pupils, furnish transportation for them, teach, board, and house them. The boys built the houses themselves, the government only furnishing the materials. The four acres assigned to the institution were cultivated by the boys, who grubbed up the stumps, and planted potatoes and vegetables for their table. The school is thus partly self-supporting. The boys are attired in a regular uniform, and have their regular officers, as in our military schools. Every advantage placed in their way is eagerly seized on by these pupils, and it is worthy of notice by those who talk of the incorrigible character of the Indians that the parents, many of them chiefs, willingly and thankfully surrendered their sons and daughters in order that they might be taught the arts and learning of the white man.

All this work has been done in the space of two years, and a clear proof of the results attained was given in a local exhibition. Coarse leather shoes of first-class workmanship were displayed, the work of boys between fourteen and twenty. A handsome wash-stand and bureau were exhibited by another Indian, and some miniature oars and ladders by a young Alaskan ten years old. An exhibit of articles from the blacksmith shop also attracted attention. The amount of work accomplished by Captain WILKINSON and his Indian boys and girls is surprising. The buildings are commodious and comfortable; the matron, Mrs. BUCK, is a highly efficient head of this great home, and is ably seconded by three lady teachers.

We agree with Captain WILKINSON that this is the best solution of the difficulty which confronts us in our dealings with the Indians. The present race, demoralized by our vacillating and inconsistent Indian policy, may perhaps deserve the reputation of being incorrigible; let us then take the rising generation away from the evil influences which have surrounded their progenitors, and train them up to be useful and orderly members of society.

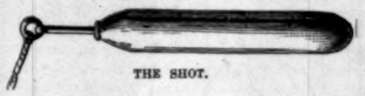
A GALLANT RESCUE.

ON Saturday morning, May 13, RUSSELL WHITE, of Long Branch, went down to the beach to see if any vessels had been driven ashore by the heavy gale which had been raging for nearly two days. The duty was purely a voluntary one. He had been long in the Life-saving Service of the United States, and was noted for his courage, fidelity, and skill, but for a year he had not been employed by the government. But *noblesse oblige* not less when one belongs to the high aristocracy of devoted, unselfish manhood than when one is born into the titled class, and WHITE patrolled the beach because he could not resist the habit of service to his fellow-men in danger. It was but 3.30 A.M. A heavy sea was running, dashing with deafening roar along the beach. As the volunteer watchman reached Deal, about a mile below Elberon, he saw through the murky darkness the distress signals of a vessel aground on the inner bar, some three hundred yards from shore. By the intermittent flashes of the rockets he caught the dim outlines of a large steamer lying athwart the bar, the waves beating over her. He hastened to arouse two of his former comrades of Station No. 6. They broke open the door of the station, obtained lights, and answered the signals. In about half an hour, Captain WALTER GREEN, also formerly connected with the Life-saving Service, and in command of Station No. 5, saw the signals, gathered his old crew, and joining the first-comers on the beach, arranged to throw a line across the steamer's deck.



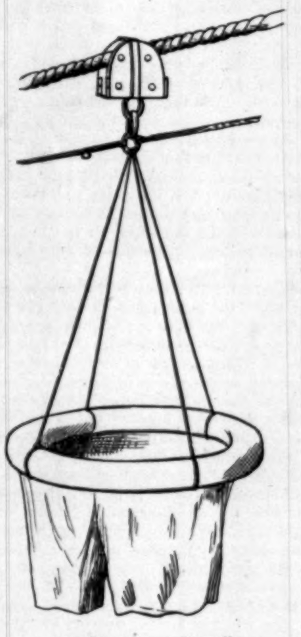
THE LYLE GUN.

The steamer was the *Pliny*, from Rio Janeiro, with twenty-four passengers and thirty-four men, officers and crew. Among the former were three women and eleven children. The vessel had run into the storm on the night of Wednesday. A heavy fog had prevented observations, and she had been steaming at half speed with such direction as the captain could guess at. The passengers, of whom twenty-one were steerage, had been driven into the main cabin, the storm having broken in the dead-lights forward. The hatches were battened down. The cooking galleys were flooded, and there was no fire for cooking or heating. On Friday, when no one knew just where the steamer was, but it was supposed that she was running along the Long Island coast, she suddenly struck on the outer bar, strained a moment, shivered through all her length, freed herself, and for a few moments was free again. The captain ordered the engines reversed, and the vessel backed, but it was too late. She ran heavily on the inner bar, her stern swung around, and she stranded, nearly broadside on, with the waves dashing tons of water across her decks. The captain and officers calmed the passengers, who behaved with great courage, and managed to get the signals of distress displayed, which in a little while were answered by the surfmen. But it was some two hours before the gallant fellows on the shore could get their apparatus ready, and a line across the wreck. Meanwhile the crew had some of them broken into the captain's wine-room, and were threatening to become unmanageable. But the officers, with great energy and firmness, kept them in subjection. One of the seamen, drunk with rum and terror, tried to snatch a life-preserver from one of the women. He was promptly knocked down, and rolled to the "lee scuppers," and the other malcontents accepted the hint.



THE SHOT.

At 7 A.M. the life-saving crew succeeded in throwing a line across the steamer. It was made fast to the rigging, and in a few moments the desperate company saw one of their number, a woman, fastened in the "breeches buoy," and started for the shore. She was landed safely. Then followed a man, then a child, and finally all the passengers. Among these was a mother, Mrs. SMIDT, an Englishwoman, with a babe of two-weeks old in her arms. She fainted before getting across the furious surf, but clung to her precious burden, and was revived, while the little one, tucked under the oil-skin coat of a surfman, was borne in safety to a near house, and warmed into audible life again. The passengers landed and disposed by a good fire, with dry clothing and hot coffee and moderate food for their starved bodies, the indefatigable surfmen proceeded to rescue the crew by means of the life-boats. This was done in safety, though Captain ROBERT MITCHELL, the master of the vessel, was induced to come ashore at the last moment only with great difficulty. Had he remained, he would hardly have been saved, for the storm increased, the vessel soon broke in two forward of the machinery, a large part of her side was carried away, and every part was flooded.



THE "BREECHES BUOY."

In all, fifty-nine lives were saved, to the great credit of the life-saving crews, but not to that of the government of the United States. For not one of the brave men who toiled in the storm that wild morning, and who risked their lives in the boats that went off to the wreck, was in the employ of the government. The rich and powerful nation which gathers into its coffers every day a half-million of dollars of surplus revenue was deemed by its rulers too poor to continue the two stations in which these men had been engaged at the pitiful rate of $1 10 a day, and they had been closed on the 1st of May. The Congress which can find excuses for voting millions to improve the navigation of mill-streams in West Virginia can not see the necessity of a few hundreds to rescue life along the most dangerous part of the coast. Legislators who employ their relatives as clerks of committees at a compensation of $25 a day, for light work or none, can not bring themselves to expend the same amount for a month's service of a brave sailor in the Life-saving Service. Men who think they have a prescriptive right to the patronage of their districts, with which to dictate the political action of the people, are aghast at the idea of pensioning these hardy mariners, or their families, should they lose health or life in the arduous task assigned them; and for fear that an "official aristocracy" will spring from their employment, they direct their summary discharge at such stations as those on the Jersey shore. The miserably corrupting and demoralizing influence of the spoils system on the government in all its branches is clearly shown by this cynical neglect of one of the most valuable branches of the civil service, while party hacks and political wire-pullers are fed richly from the people's money.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WITHIN two or three minutes' walk of the New York City Hall is an intersection of streets on each of the four corners of which a murder has been committed. Two of the corners have scored two murders each. While these facts are noteworthy, they are not what gives to the locality the distinction it has among the many street corners of the metropolis. This distinction is due to the fact that more drunken men reel along the sidewalks at that point between midnight and daylight than pass any other spot on Manhattan Island in the same interval. Perhaps there is the relation of cause and effect between this fact and the fact of the six murders.

The efforts of the little readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to endow a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, in Thirty-fourth Street, New York, are meeting with gratifying success. During the early part of this month four little girls who held a fair in Zion's Church Chapel, on Madison Avenue, sent in $550 as the result of their efforts. Other contributions to the fund required were two sums of $50 and $100 as memorial donations from parents who had lost children. $3000 is the total required, toward which there is now on hand $1154 24. Contributions should be sent to Miss E. Augusta Fanshawe, Treasurer, 43 New Street, New York.

A laundryman from the Orient who was arrested in Oregon for fast driving pleaded in extenuation that the Chinese "must go."

A new political party in Georgia is styled the Independent Colonels. They should form a coalition with the majors, and sweep the State at the next election.

Some one interested in the subject of hammers writes that the jeweler uses the lightest hammer, the iron-worker the heaviest, the shoemaker the broadest, the upholsterer the longest, and the file-cutter the oddest. It may be added that the hardest blows are struck with the auctioneer's when he is working for the sheriff.

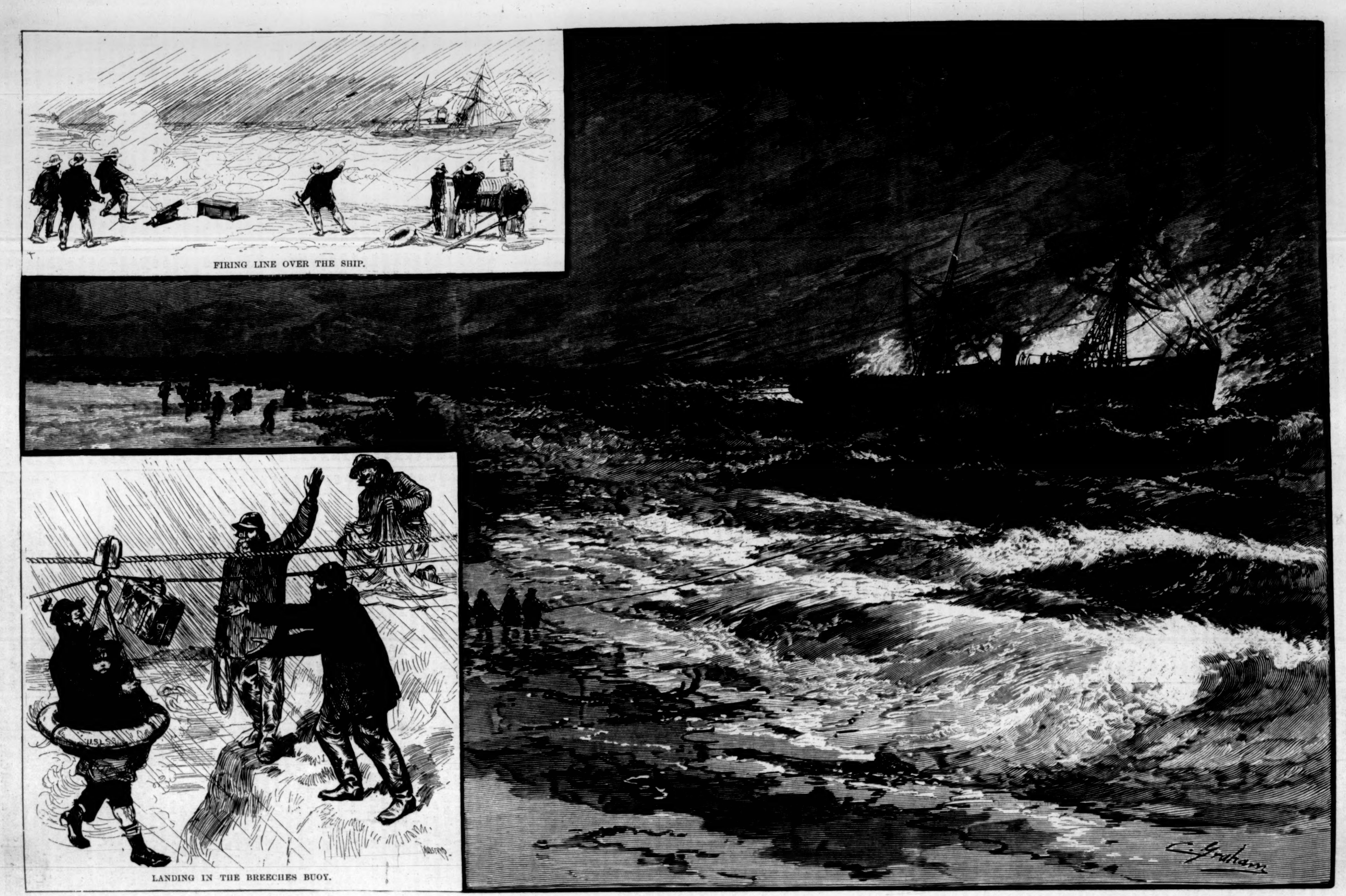
Some American abroad must have been treating himself to a little of that questionable amusement which is responsible for a good deal of European misinformation regarding life in the United States. An American writes from Munich: "A German lady told me a good story at the dinner table last evening, that will, I think, amuse you. In Switzerland a few months ago she met with one of our countrymen, who, in a circle of ladies and gentlemen at a large hotel, was boasting of the great freedom enjoyed by the people of America, so superior, he said, to that enjoyed by any other nation on the earth. 'Why,' said he, pulling out of his pistol pocket a revolver, and flourishing it before his hearers, 'with that I can travel unmolested from one end of the United States to the other.'"

The Buffalo *Commercial* alludes to the Capitol at Albany as "that architectural Jumbo," and says it will cost five thousand dollars to ascertain whether it is in danger of falling down.

A breech-loading whale gun has been recently completed by a San Francisco gunsmith, and is on the way to arctic waters in the whaling steamer *Bowhead*. The gun bears a strong resemblance to an ordinary breech-loading rifle, and weighs 105 pounds. It has a rebounding lock. The barrel is 36 inches long, and is $1\frac{5}{16}$ inches calibre. It fires with precision either a harpoon or bomb-lance the distance of thirty odd yards, while even farther than that it will do good execution. The gun swings on a swivel.

It is said that an Italian who began gathering old bottles in a bag a few years ago has recently paid nineteen thousand dollars for a residence in this city. The Boston *Advertiser* recommends that this new profession be borne in mind by the young men in our colleges who are, in the language of their class-day orators, "standing on the threshold of active life." It is to be said in favor of this occupation that a good many young men, on emerging from college, have a larger capital of empty bottles to begin with than of information which would be of service to them in any profession or dignified calling.

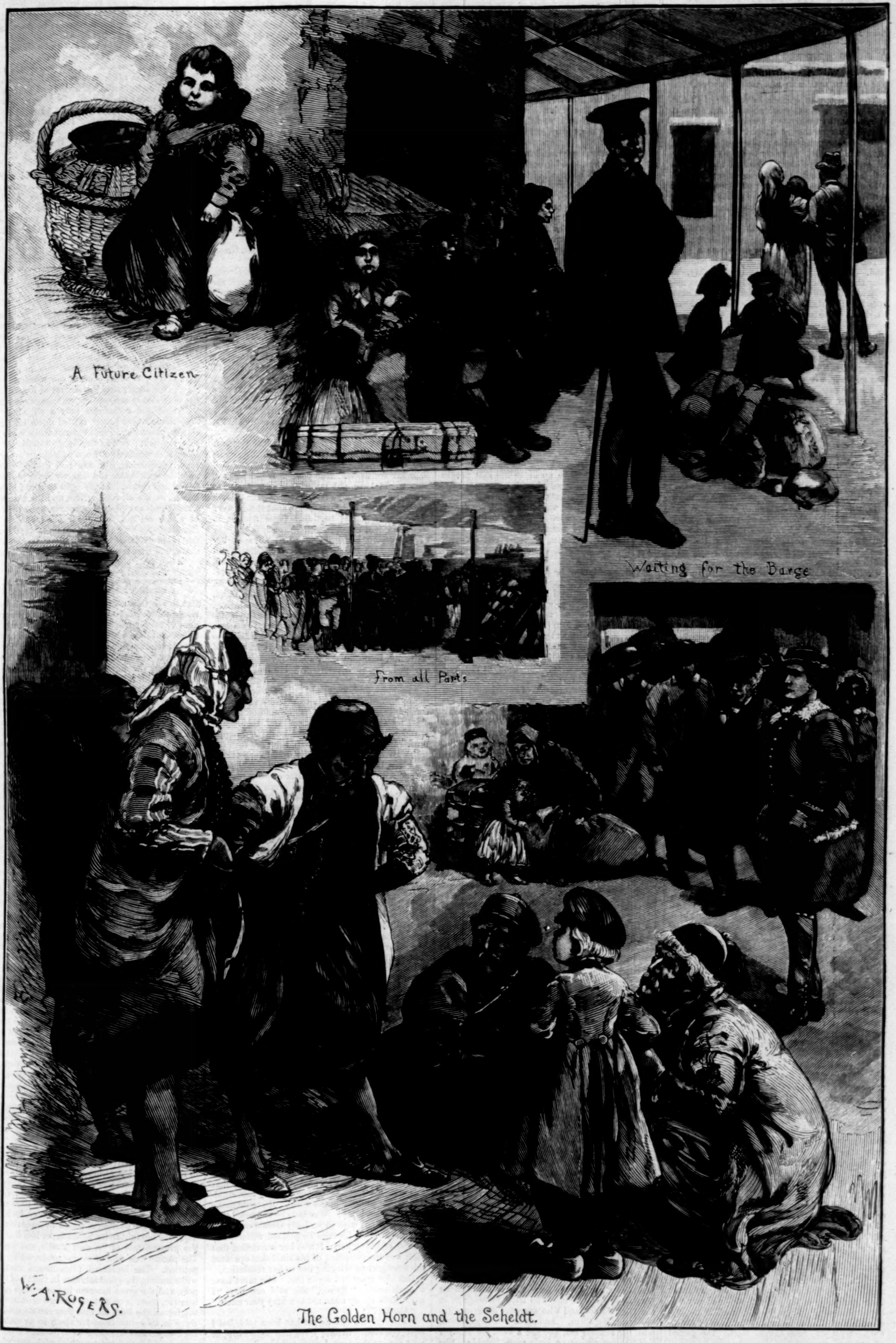
A gentleman who has been spending some time among the Indians of the Standing Rock Agency takes a somewhat dismal view of the Indians as agriculturists. He says that they are beginning to understand that as soon as they arrive at a certain degree of proficiency in raising crops their rations from the government will be cut off, and to their enlightenment in this respect he ascribes their growing ignorance as farmers. When a bushel of seed beans is given to them, he says, they eat nine-tenths of it, and plant one-tenth in three or four holes in the ground. Last spring five bushels of seed onions were sent to them, and the entire lot was buried in a plot of ground fifty by one hundred feet in extent. When the sprouts came up, they raised the surface of the ground into a small table-land.



FIRING LINE OVER THE SHIP.

LANDING IN THE BREECHES BUOY.

THE WRECK OF THE "PLINY" AT DEAL BEACH, NEW JERSEY, SATURDAY, MAY 13.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 327.]


A Future Citizen
Waiting for the Barge
From all Parts
W. A. ROGERS.
The Golden Horn and the Scheldt.

THE STREAM OF IMMIGRATION—SCENES AT CASTLE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 330.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER I.

CECILIA HOLT AND HER THREE FRIENDS.

There came an episode in the life of Cecilia Holt which it is essential should first be told. When she was twenty-two years old, she was living with her mother at Exeter. Mrs. Holt was a widow with comfortable means—ample, that is, for herself and her daughter to supply them with all required by provincial comfort and provincial fashion. They had a house without the city, with a garden and a gardener and two boys, and they kept a brougham, which was the joint care of the gardener and the boy inside and the boy outside. They saw their friends, and were seen by them. Once in the year they left home for a couple of months, and went—wherever the daughter wished. Sometimes there was a week or two in London; sometimes in Paris or Switzerland. The mother seemed to be only there to obey the daughter's behests, and Cecilia was the most affectionate of masters. Nothing could have been less disturbed or more happy than their lives. No doubt there was present in Cecilia's manner a certain looking down upon her mother—of which all the world was aware, unless it was her mother and herself. The mother was not blessed by literary tastes, whereas Cecilia was great among French and German poets. And Cecilia was æsthetic, whereas the mother thought more of the delicate providing of the table. Cecilia had two or three female friends, who were not quite her equals in literature, but nearly so. There was Maude Hippesley, the Dean's daughter, and Miss Altifiorla, the daughter of an Italian father, who had settled in Exeter with her maternal aunt—in poor circumstances, but with an exalted opinion as to her own blood. Francesca Altifiorla was older than her friend, and was, perhaps, the least loved of the three, but the most often seen. And there was Mrs. Green, the Minor Canon's wife, who had the advantage of a husband, but was nevertheless humble and retiring. They formed the *élite* of Miss Holt's society, and were called by their Christian names. The Italian's name was Francesca, and the married lady was called Bessy.

Cecilia had no lovers till there came in an evil hour into Exeter one Sir Francis Geraldine. She had somewhat scoffed at love, or at the necessity of having a lover. She and Miss Altifiorla had been of one mind on that subject. Maude Hippesley had a lover, and could not be supposed to give her accord. Mrs. Green had had one, but expressed an opinion that it was a trouble well over. A husband might be a comfort, but a lover was "a bother." "It's such a blessing to be able to wear my old gloves before him. He doesn't mind it now, as he knows he'll have to pay for the new." But at length there came the lover. Sir Francis Geraldine was a man who had property in the county, but had not lately lived upon it. He was of an old family, of which he was very proud. He was an old baronet, a circumstance which he seemed to think was very much in his favor. Good heavens! From what a height did he affect to look down upon the peers of the last twenty years! His property was small, but so singular were his gifts that he was able to be proud of that also. It had all been in the possession of his family since the time of James I. And he was a man who knew everything, though only forty, and by no means old in appearance. But if you were to believe him, he had all that experience of the world which nothing but unlimited years could have given him. He knew all the courts in Europe, and all the race-courses, and more especially all the Jacks and Toms who had grown into notoriety in those different worlds of fashion. He came to Exeter to stay with his brother-in-law, the Dean, and to look after his property for a while. There he fell in love with Cecilia Holt, and, after a fortnight of prosperous love-making, made her an offer. This the young lady accepted, averse as she was to lovers, and for a month was the happiest and proudest girl in all Exeter. The happiness and pride of a girl in her lover is something wonderful to behold. He is surely the only man, and she the only woman born worthy of such a man. She is to be the depositary of all his secrets, and the recipient of all his thoughts. That other young ladies should accept her with submission in this period of her ecstasy would be surprising were it not that she is so truly exalted by her condition as to make her for a short period an object to them of genuine worship. In this way, for a month or six weeks, did Miss Holt's friends submit to her and bear with her. They endured to be considered but as the outside personages of an indifferent outer world, whereas Cecilia herself with her lover were the only two inhabitants of the small celestial empire in which they lived. Then there gradually came to be a change. And it must be acknowledged here that the change commenced with Cecilia Holt herself.

The greater the adoration of the girl, the deeper the abyss into which she falls—if she be doomed to fall at all. A month of imperfection she can bear, even though the imperfections be very glaring. For a month, or perhaps for six weeks, the desire to subject herself to a newly found superior being supports her spirit against all trials. Neglect when it first comes is not known to be neglect. The first bursts of ill temper have about them something of the picturesque, or at any rate of the grotesque. Even the selfishness is displayed on behalf of an object so exalted as to be excusable. So it was with Cecilia Holt. The period of absolute, unmistaken, unreasonable love lasted but for six weeks after her engagement. During those six weeks all Exeter knew of it. There was no reticence on the part of any one. Sir Francis Geraldine had fallen in love with Cecilia Holt, and a great triumph had been won. Cecilia, in spite of her general well-known objection to lovers, had triumphed a little. It is not to be supposed that she had miscarried herself outrageously. He is cold-hearted, almost cruel, who does not like to see the little triumph of a girl in such circumstances, who will not sympathize with her, and join with her, if occasion come, in her exaltation. No fault was found with Cecilia among her friends in Exeter, but it was a fact that she did triumph. How it was that the time of her worship then came to an end it would be difficult to say. She was perhaps struck by neglect, or something which appeared to her to be almost scorn. And the man himself, she found, was ignorant. The ill temper had lost its picturesqueness, and became worse than grotesque. And the selfishness seemed to be displayed on an object not so high as to render it justifiable. Then came a fortnight of vacillating misery, in which she did not dare to tell her discomfort to either of her friends. Her mother, who, though she could not read Schiller, was as anxious for her daughter's happiness as any mother could be, saw something of this, and at last ventured to ask a question. "Was not Francis to have been here this morning?"

Cecilia was at that moment thinking of her lover, thinking that he had been untrue to his tryst now for the third time, and thinking also that she knew him to be untrue not with any valid excuse, not with the slightest cause for an excuse, but with a predetermination to show the girl to whom he was engaged that it did not suit him any longer to be at the trouble of serving her. "Oh, mamma, how foolish you are! How can I tell what Sir Francis Geraldine may be doing?"

"But I thought he was to have been here."

"Mamma, please understand that I do not carry him about tied to my apron strings. When it pleases him to come he will come." Then she went on with her book, and was silent for a minute or two. Then she broke out again. "I am sure there ought to be a rule in life that people when they are engaged should never see each other again till they meet in the church."

"I don't think that would do at all, my dear."

"Perhaps things were different when you were young. The world becomes less simple every day. However, mamma, we must put up with Sir Francis whether he come or whether he remain away."

"The world may be less simple," said Mrs. Holt, after a pause, "but I don't think it half so nice. Young men used to think that there was nothing so pleasant as a young lady's company when—when—when they were engaged, you know." Then the conversation ended, and the morning passed without the coming of Sir Francis.

After that a week passed—with great forbearance on the part of Cecilia. She thought herself at least to be forbearing. She thought much of her lover, and had no doubt tried to interest herself in the usual conversation of her friends. But they by the end of the week perceived that Sir Francis was never first spoken of by herself. To Maude Hippesley it was very difficult to avoid an expression of her doubts, because Maude was niece to Sir Francis. And Sir Francis was much talked about at the Deanery. "My uncle was not down here this morning," Maude would say; and then she would go on to excuse the defalcation. He had had business requiring his immediate attention—probably something as to the marriage settlements. "But of course he will tell you all that." Cecilia saw through the little attempts. Maude was quite aware that Sir Francis was becoming weary of his lover cares, and made the best excuse she could for them. But Maude Hippesley never had liked her uncle.

"Oh, my dear Maude," said Cecilia, "pray let him do what he pleases with himself in these the last days of his liberty. When he has got a wife, he must attend to her—more or less. Now he is as free as air. Pray let him do as he pleases, and for Heaven's sake do not bother him." Maude, who had her own lover, and was perfectly satisfied with him though she had been engaged to him for nearly twelve months, knew that things were not going well, and was unhappy. But at the moment she said nothing further.

"Where is this recreant knight?" said Francesca. There was something in the tone of Miss Altifiorla's voice which grated against Cecilia's ears, and almost made her angry. But she knew that in her present condition it behooved her to be especially careful. Had she resolved to break with her betrothed she would have been quite open on the subject to all her friends. She would have been open to all Exeter. But in her present condition of mind she was resolved—she thought she was resolved—to go on with her marriage.

"Why you should call him a recreant knight I can not for the life of me understand," she said. "But it seems that Sir Francis, who is not exactly in his first youth, is expected to be as attentive as a young turtle-dove."

"I always used to think," said Miss Altifiorla, gravely, "that a gentleman was bound to keep his promise."

"Oh heavens, how grave you all are! A gentleman and his promise! Do you mean to assert that Sir Francis is no gentleman, and does not keep his promises? Because if so I shall be angry." Then there was an end of that conversation.

But she was stirred to absolute anger by what took place with Mrs. Green, though she was unable to express her anger. Mrs. Green's manner to her had always been that of a somewhat humble friend—of one who lived in lodgings in the High Street, and who accepted dinners without returning them. And since this engagement with Sir Francis had become a fact, her manner had become perhaps a little more humble. She used to say of herself that of course she was poor; of course she had nothing to give. Her husband was only a Minor Canon, and had married her, alas! without a fortune. It is not to be supposed that on this account Cecilia was inclined to ill-treat her friend; but the way of the world is such. People are taken and must be taken in the position they frame for themselves. Mrs. Green was Cecilia Holt's humble friend, and as such was expected to be humble. When, therefore, she volunteered a little advice to Cecilia about her lover, it was not taken altogether in good part. "My dear Cecilia," she said, "I do really think that you ought to say something to Sir Francis."

"Say something!" answered Cecilia, sharply. "What am I to say? I say everything to him that comes in the way."

"I think, my dear, he is just a little inattentive. I have gone through it all, and of course know what it means. It is not that he is deficient in love, but that he allows a hundred little things to stand in the way."

"What nonsense you do talk!"

"But, my dear, you see I have gone through it all myself, and I do know what I am talking about."

"Mr. Green— Do you mean to liken Mr. Green to Sir Francis?"

"They are both gentlemen," said Mrs. Green, with a slight tone of anger. "And though Sir Francis is a baronet, Mr. Green is a clergyman."

"My dear Bessie, you know that is not what I meant. In that respect they are both alike. But you, when you were engaged, were about three years younger than the man, and I am nearly twenty years younger than Sir Francis. You don't suppose that I can put myself altogether on the same platform with him as you did with your lover. It is absurd to suppose it. Do you let him go his way, and me go mine. You may be sure that not a word of reproach will ever fall from my lips."—"Till we are married," Cecilia had intended to say, but she did not complete the sentence.

But the words of her comforters had their effect, as no doubt was the case with Job. She had complained to no one, but everybody had seen her condition. Her poor dear old mother, who would have put up with a very moderate amount of good usage on the part of such a lover as Sir Francis, had been aware that things were not as they should be. Her three friends, to whom she had not opened her mouth in the way of expressing her grievance, had all seen her trouble. That Maude Hippesley and Miss Altifiorla had noticed it did not strike her with much surprise, but that Mrs. Green should have expressed herself so boldly was startling. She could not but turn the matter over in her own mind, and ask herself whether she were ill-treated. And it was not only those differences which the ladies noticed which struck her as ominous, but a certain way which Sir Francis had when talking to herself which troubled her. That light tone of contempt, if begun now, would certainly not be dropped after their marriage. He had assumed an easy way of almost laughing at her, of quizzing her pursuits, and, worse still, of only half listening to her, which she felt to promise very badly for her future happiness. If he wanted his liberty, he should have it—now and then. She would never be a drag on her husband's happiness. She had resolved from the very first not to be an exigeant wife. She would care for all his cares, but she would never be a troublesome wife. All that had been matter of deep thought to her. And if he were not given to literary tastes in earnest—for in the first days of their love-making there had been, as was natural, a little pretense—she would not harass him by her pursuits. And she would sympathize with his racing and his shooting. And she would interest herself, if possible, about Newmarket—as to which place she found he had a taste. And, joined to all the rest, there came a conviction that his real tastes did take that direction. She had never before heard that he had a passion for the turf; but if it should turn out that he was a gambler! Had any of her friends mentioned such an idea to her a week ago, how she would have rebuked that friend! But now she added this to her other grievances, and began to tell herself that she had become engaged to a man whom she did not know and whom she already doubted.

Then there came a week of very troubled existence—of existence the more troubled because she had no one to whom to tell of her trouble. As to putting confidence in her mother, that idea never occurred to her. Her mother among her friends was the humblest of all. To tell her mother that she was going to be married was a matter of course, but she had never consulted her mother on the subject. And now, at the end of the week, she had almost resolved to break with the man without having intimated to any one that such was her intention. And what excuse had she? There was excuse enough to her own mind, to her own heart. But what excuse could she give to him or to the world? He was confident enough—so confident as to vex her by his confidence. Though he had come to treat her with indifference, like a plaything, she was quite sure that he did not dream of having his marriage broken off. He was secured—she was sure that this was his feeling—by her love, by her ambition, by his position in the world. He could make her Lady Geraldine! Was it to be supposed that she should not wish to be Lady Geraldine? He could take what liberties he pleased without any danger of losing her. It was her conviction that such was the condition of his mind that operated the strongest in bringing her to her resolution.

But she must tell some one. She must have a confidante. "Maude," she said one day, "I have made up my mind not to marry your uncle."

"Cecilia!"

"I have. No one as yet has been told, but I have resolved. Should I see him to-morrow, or next day, or the next, I shall tell him."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Is it likely that I should jest on such a subject? or that if I had a mind to do so I should tell you? You must keep my secret. You must not tell your uncle. It must come to him from myself. At the present moment he does not in the least know me; but he will."

"And why? Why is there to be this break? why to be these broken promises?"

"I put it to yourself whether you do not know the why. How often have you made excuses for him? Why have the excuses been necessary? I am prepared to bear all the blame. I must bear it. But I am not prepared to make myself miserable forever because I have made a mistake as to a man's character. Of course I shall suffer—because I love him. He will not suffer much—because he does not love me."

"Oh yes!"

"You know that he does not," said Cecilia, shaking her head. "You know it—you know it. At any rate, I know it. And as the thing has to be done, it shall be done quickly." There was much more said between the two girls on the subject, but Maude, when she left her friend, was sure that her friend was in earnest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CASTLE GARDEN.

I.

Most of us whose Americanism goes back more than two generations are apt practically to forget that we are not aborigines, and to draw broad ethnological distinctions between ourselves and our fellow-citizens that are to be, who are landing daily at Castle Garden, and now in numbers beyond all precedent even of our wonderful history. We forget that the stream of immigration has been steady and continuous, though sometimes a freshet and sometimes only a rill, since the *Half-Moon's* best bower rattled down off Castle Garden two hundred and seventy-three years ago this summer. But in the light of statistics the scorn with which we are apt to look upon our belated compatriots, who are now dropping down upon us with bales not exactly costly, becomes trivial and comic. In the light of world history, indeed, we are all compatriots, and the nations of Europe only camps of the great caravan the head of which set out from "our old home" in the Himalayas so long ago that we must dig down to the roots of language to discover the common stock, and that the blood of Greece and Rome is

> "The same good blood that now refills
> The dotard Orient's shrunken veins,
> The same whose vigor westward thrills,
> Bursting Nevada's silver chains."

But to see this connection requires a historical telescope, whereas history visibly within the compass of family tradition connects the immigrants of colonial date with the lands from which these later immigrants are coming. Our fears for the safety of "the institutions founded by our ancestors" from the European invasion recall to the candid mind Irving's genial gibe: "Bless us! what a piece of work is here, between these mushrooms of a day and these mushrooms of an hour!"

At Castle Garden, the other day, the present writer, watching the debarkation of a new barge-load, and revolving in his mind the orthodox native American sentiments just indicated, was accosted by his neighbor, clothed in a shirt and trousers only, in the following terms:

"Begorra, 'tis a shame! We have a right to keep thim farners out. I doan't mind the Dutch, but thim Jews and thim Eyetalians is a curse to the country. Sure the bulk o' thim is poppers."

These also were orthodox American sentiments.

It requires an effort of the imagination as well as a knowledge of the statistics to enable one to appreciate the magnitude which the world-old movement westwardly round the globe has taken on since steam has bridged the Atlantic, and a steerage passage takes less than a fifth of the time, and presents not a tenth of the terrors, of the most luxurious voyage from Europe to America that money could command a century ago. Before steam, the westward movement had become unexampled in migrations since the Middle Ages, although the immigrants came as single spies compared with the battalions that have come since. The regular lines of Liverpool packets, and the ocean "tramps" which were diverted to the emigrant traffic whenever it overflowed its usual channels, were adequate to do what was done toward restoring the equilibrium of population between the close of the Revolutionary war and the beginning of the civil war in 1861. It was not until after the civil war that sailing packets were recognized as obsolete for the conveyance of emigrants, although pleasure travel had already for some years been transferred to the steamers. In 1856, only three per cent. of the immigrants came in steamers; in 1873, less than four per cent. came by sailing vessels, and now this latter fraction has disappeared altogether. Cheap as a steerage passage now seems, and much as the actual cost of transportation has been lessened since sailing packets disappeared, a steerage passage is much more costly now than it was in the days of the packets. A steerage passage on one of the steamers of a good line costs now some thirty dollars, including the food of the passenger for an average of ten or eleven days; in the days of the packets the cost of a steerage passage, including the food of the passenger for an average of thirty days, was brought as low as £2 5s., or less than half the present rate of "a cent a mile, and found." The packet rate was of course produced by competition. The increased price means that, notwithstanding the great increase in means of transport, and the great increase in the volume of emigration, there is more than enough of emigration to give all the lines all that they can do, and that there is no inducement for them so to underbid each other that the price of a passage from Europe may be reduced to the actual cost plus a reasonable profit. Nothing could illustrate more impressively what may be expected of emigration than this fact that the enormous drafts already made upon the population of Europe have not appreciably helped to effect an equilibrium, and that unprecedented means of transport are still taxed to the utmost of their capacity.

II.

A study of the statistics is calculated to chasten the feeling with which the descendant of the colonial American regards "thim farners." For the statistics show that between 1790 and 1870 considerably more than twice the number of the people of the United States at the former date came into it by emigration. The figures are, population by the first census, 3,929,214. Immigration from 1790 to 1870 (1790 to 1820 estimated), 9,038,141. Since the ninth census was taken the immigration registered at Castle Garden alone, the total statistics not being yet accessible, has been 2,344,078, or much more than half the population of the United States when their first census was taken.

A look over these statistics in detail is of great interest as an outline of the social history of both continents during the generation which has passed since Castle Garden was founded. In 1843 **Carlyle** published his *Past and Present*, in which one of the chief public agencies for improving the condition of England was declared to be "a free bridge for emigrants from the Old World to the New." It was not until four years afterward, and under the stress of the sudden invasion forced upon us by the Irish famine—an invasion clearly unmanageable by the private enterprise of emigrant runner and boarding-house keeper—that we for our part recognized the necessity of some public provision for the immigrants, and "Castle Garden" became an institution. It was high time. Immigration had jumped up from 52,496 in 1843 to 234,968, and immigration from Ireland from 19,670 to 105,536. Ever since that time the immigration at Castle Garden has aggregated five-sevenths of the total immigration into the United States, although the proportion differs rather curiously in different years. It has always been great enough to enable everybody to understand the position of that poor exile of Erin who went up to be examined for a teacher in the public schools, and being asked who discovered America, was not at all clear, but being asked where the discoverer landed, answered with triumphant promptitude, "Castle Garden."

Up to 1820, as we have said, there are no returns. The greatest yearly immigration during the next decade was that of 1828—18,875, nearly half from Ireland, more than half from the British Islands, and only a fifteenth from all Germany. The greatest year of the next decade was 1837—79,340: 28,508 Irish, and more than half British, but two-sevenths German, against the fifteenth of nine years before. The "commercial crisis" of 1837 knocked down the figures for 1838 to 38,000, from which they rose again in 1842 to 104,565—the first "six figures." Then came the Irish famines of 1846 and 1847, which produced something more like an actual removal of a race than had been seen before in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. The Irish immigration rose from 51,000 in 1846 to 105,000 in 1847, 113,000 in 1848, 159,000 in 1849; and it was to meet this exodus that the Commission of Emigration was formed, although it was not until 1855 that Castle Garden, long obsolete as a fort, and lately superannuated as a concert hall, was acquired as a landing dépôt. Since 1847 the Castle Garden returns are used in this paper, in default of the publication of the tenth census. An addition of one-third will nearly represent the total immigration. The flight from famine in Ireland can not be said to have spent its force and the normal Irish emigration to have been resumed until 1855, when the total fell to about that of 1846, the intervening eight years having witnessed the transfer of nearly a million and a quarter out of a population of eight millions. In the mean time another influence of the first importance had begun to work. The German immigration had been gradually and steadily increasing until in 1847 it had risen to 73,000, when the insurrections of 1848 broke out in Germany, and were followed by rumors of war, which, though without much result in actual bloodshed, put all Germany under arms by a remorseless conscription. The Germans landed at New York, 45,000 in 1850, multiplied in the years following to 69,000, to 118,000, to 119,000, in 1854, to 176,000. The flight from famine in Ireland and the recoil of the revolutionary wave in Germany coincided. In 1852 the German and Irish immigrants at New York were equal, within a few hundreds, at 118,000. But the Irish tide was ebbing, and that from Germany setting toward its flood. The Irish immigration has never since equalled that of Germany, except during the second and third years of the war. But both together swelled "the great tenth wave" of 1854, an *annus mirabilis* in the annals of Castle Garden, during which 319,223 emigrant passengers were landed in New York—a number which was not equalled again until 1880. The special causes being removed, the road they had beaten remained open, and the increase over the years before the years of famine and of war was marked and steady until a disastrous influence came into effect in another "commercial crisis," that of 1857, which cut down the returns more than half at a blow, from 183,773 in 1857 to 78,589 in the year following. One of the curiosities of the statistics is the slightness of the deterrent effect of the civil war upon intending immigrants. It seems, indeed, possibly by reason of the system of bounties, to have actually stimulated Irish immigration; and although the totals for 1861 and 1862 were smaller than for 1860, 1863 was the greatest year since 1857, and the increase went steadily on, as if a civil war in which nearly a million men were done to death were a mere episode without treasonable bearing upon the evolution of the world epic. It was not nearly so influential as the third "commercial crisis," that of 1873, which in the next year reduced the returns from 266,000 to 140,041. The employment of being shot at thus seems to have been far more attractive than the absence of any employment at all. The recovery from this latest panic was not complete until the great year of 1880, in which for the first time the record of 1854 was beaten. But there was a great stride even from the 327,371 of 1880 to the 455,681 of 1881, an eighth of the whole population of the United States by their first census. And even these astounding figures, unless all signs fail, are this year to be surpassed. The first four months of 1882 show an increase of 36,000 over the same months of 1881. On one day in the present month of May 7741 emigrant passengers were landed at Castle Garden. The number for the first fifteen days of May was 42,215. The number from January 1 to May 15 was 180,591. In other words, we are growing by immigration through Castle Garden alone at the rate of a weekly Tarrytown, a fortnightly Poughkeepsie, a monthly Syracuse, and an annual Brooklyn.

III.

After one has evaded the grizzled Cerberus at the outer gate, he confronts the sally-port of the old "castle," a pilastered archway in red sandstone, which is an excellent piece of the military architecture of its time (*circa* 1780), flanked with embrasures whose frown has become a harmless blinking. Within, an open timber roof spans the inclosure of the massive old walls, and in this central space the work of receiving, registering, and distributing the immigrants is done. The whole floor is as busy as an ant-hill, and a great deal noisier; a great deal more picturesque, also, with the strange shapes and hues of the costumes of many nations, and vocal with more different dialects of human speech than have been heard since the Tower of Babel involved in its own ruin the professional reputation of its ambitious architect. At first it is as much a chaos as the ant-hill or as Babel, but one comes to distinguish a sharp and business-like yelp proceeding from one of the central desks, and cleaving the general clatter with unheard patronymics delivered with a twang as of Connecticut. At every fresh utterance an atom struggles forward out of the mass to assert its individuality as a human being, to make its contribution to the statistics of immigration, and to receive such knowledge as it needs for the next step in its westward progress. To learn of what ingredients this seething miscellany is compounded, we betake ourselves to the blackboard on the wharf, and read:

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1882.

Steamer *Westphalia*, Hamburg	820
" *Circassia*, Glasgow	898
" *Scotia*, Marseilles	342
" *Dorian*, Gibraltar	200
" *Helvetia*, Liverpool	1222
" *Florida*, Glasgow	905
" *Abyssinia*, Liverpool	839
" *Erin*, London	1116
Total	6342

It is better than an average day, both in number and in heterogeneousness, though sometimes to a list like this are added steamers from ports so diverse as Copenhagen and Palermo. Around the nucleus of the old fort have grown up a queer agglomeration of annexes, baggage-rooms, hospital, labor bureau, information bureau, and what not, and all these are occupied with groups lounging, chattering, smoking, and sometimes single figures intent and still. A look of melancholy, however, is almost the rarest expression one can detect, and if you see a woman weeping, it is almost sure to be from the immediate and trivial vexation of having mislaid her box or her husband, not from homesickness, although the records of Ward's Island Hospital show fifteen cases of "nostalgia" during 1881, and four of the patients developed symptoms of that malady in the temporary hospital at Blackwell's Island. Of most of the Scandinavians and North Germans, who form the greatest element in the present inflow, candor compels one to say that their aspect indicates that, like the jolly young waterman in the ballad, they are "thinking of nothing at all." Those whose faces express anything except a vacuous good-nature look brisk and hopeful. In bone and thew, however, nobody can doubt that they are an accession to the country, nor fear that they may ever become a burden to it. All of them know where they are going, and New York is only a station in their march. They are booked through to Minnesota, Kansas, Dakota, or Idaho, to sharpen the "American competition" of 1883, and to increase the pressure upon those they have left behind to join them. It is a great sight to see one of these "strong daughters of the plough" striding along with a heavy box in one hand, leading a child by the other, with another child securely stowed in a fold of her raiment.

It must be owned that not quite all of the immigration is of the same sort as this bold peasantry. But the bulk of the immigration from all parts is unquestionably rural. **Goldsmith**'s own "bold peasantry," although it is not coming now in the floods of former years, is never lacking in a Castle Garden crowd; and as the Irish pass the registration, a man calling out "Land League" distributes newspapers among them. During a watch of ten minutes or more not one Irishman was seen to shirk this call.

These are familiar types, and in New York the "Eyetalian" who excited the jealousy of our fellow-American has become almost equally familiar. Our native should be comforted to learn that the Italians and the Jews, or some classes of suspect Jews, are assigned to quarters by themselves in a little lazaretto at one side of the Rotunda. One need not inspect them. A whiff at the door is enough to prove that, as my scoffing comrade observed, there might be inscribed over that aperture the famous line of the Italian poet,

> "Who enters here leaves soap behind."

One sees the Hamburg peddler, the "Moses Lump" of Heine, the most perfectly typical of all Hebrews, bending under his pack, with the visor of his cap over his eyes, and his coat reaching to his heels. But there is also what seems a new kind of Jew, and especially a new kind of Jewess—the Russian refugees—the Jewess wearing a wig, in obedience, it is said, to some local superstition forbidding her to make herself comely in the eyes of Christians—a commendable but superfluous precaution.

There are more recondite Oriental types than these, and one group which recalls **Thackeray**'s lines:

> "To starboard Turks and Greeks were;
> Rugged and brown their cheeks were;
> Enormous wide their breeks were;
> Their pipes did puff alway."

Our Orientals, however, addict themselves chiefly to cigarettes; and though the breadth and picturesqueness of their breeches are beyond question, they are not Turks, nor yet Greeks, but Maronites of Syria, whose Christianity goes back to the eighth century, and their Roman Catholicism to the fifteenth. They have merely obeyed the injunction about taking no thought for the morrow, for here they are, five thousand miles from home, in absolute destitution, as the interpreter tells us, and they are much merrier than any equal party of millionaires.

There are recondite and picturesque European types too—Swedish and Bohemian peasants, and Hungarian miners in flaring hats, and consummate embroidered sheep-skin coats, and precious spangled waistcoats, and natty breeches and boots, to whom the heart of **Oscar Wilde** would go out in gladness. Not the great fair of Nizhnee-Novgorod itself is a greater show of various humanity than Castle Garden on a busy day. And if one has proper credentials, Mr. **Jackson**, the efficient superintendent of the Garden, will furnish him with the interpretation of this Babel in the form of a wonderful polyglot boy, who smatters of more tongues than he is years old, and who can smite the rock of the most obdurate dialect with a question that is tolerably sure of extracting an answer. Everybody in the Garden, indeed, is more or less a linguist, and the very policemen on the wharf can deliver simple directions in three or four languages, albeit tinged with one brogue. When these fail, a friendly shove or even a harmless necessary kick directs the inquirer to his proper barge or wagon.

Indeed, the efficiency and promptness with which the work of the Garden is done are alike admirable and wonderful to a stranger. The problem of "handling" five or six thousand men, women, and children, of all races and languages, is one for which it is evidently impossible for the most experienced quartermaster, with the amplest means, to improvise a solution. The system which has grown up during these thirty-five years at Castle Garden certainly does its work thoroughly. No quarrel between the Commissioners and the steamers ought to be allowed to interrupt for a day the working of such a system. Certainly nobody who watches the work of Castle Garden, even for a day, can seriously contemplate the abandonment of it, and the adoption of the only alternative, the dumping of these daily helpless thousands upon the wharves of New York, to find their own way further, or to lose it. Even if the protection of the emigrants were left out of the question, the protection of the city itself against them would compel the re-establishment of Castle Garden if it were relinquished. An interregnum even of a day would be a disaster and a danger.

We have quoted the demand of **Carlyle**, made four years before our Emigration Commission was instituted, for an English emigration service. This matured opinion, as reported in Mr. **Froude**'s *Life*, is worth quoting as a pendant: "No **Hengst** or **Alaric**," says Mr. **Froude**, "had risen in the fifty years which have passed since he had written *Sartos*; yet not long before his death he was talking to me of America, and of the success with which the surplus population of Europe had been carried across the sea, and distributed over that enormous continent. **Frederick** himself, he said, could not have done it better, even with absolute power and unlimited resources, than it had 'done itself' by the mere action of unfettered liberty."

One of the most indispensable of all the agencies by which this great transfer has been enabled to "do itself" is the landing dépôt at Castle Garden, with the auxiliary institutions of Ward's Island, and, at which we have not space even for a passing glance.

IV.

Goethe is said to have pronounced a factory the most poetical sight he had ever seen. In the same sense we may call Castle Garden the most poetical sight a New-Yorker can see. The details, indeed, are not in either case poetical. The picturesque glimpses one can get at Castle Garden are in most cases the trappings of beggary. The Italian in the rugged rug thrown scarfwise over his shoulder, the casual Arab in fez and scarlet trousers, in presenting himself as a "study" for a figure painter, presents himself to a social philosopher as a study of another kind—a persistent and puzzling social problem. It is not he who most forcibly appeals to the imagination, but the immigrant who makes a very slight appeal to our pictorial sensibilities—the strong, slow, ungraceful Saxon or Swedish peasant, with his passage paid "through" to the plains, and with money in his pocket. He is marching stolidly on, as one of an interminable procession, toward the new land which he is to possess and to subdue. Past him one sees the waving harvests which he is to sow and reap, the new cities he is to build, the new States of which his children are to be the citizens. The prosaic and trivial details of his passage are forgotten in the greatness of the work that is waiting for him to do. The impressiveness of the scene here deepens the longer we regard it. It is like the endless vibration of Niagara, or the beating of breakers on a beach at night, little heeded at first, but at last speaking to us as part of the everlasting music of the world. And so at Castle Garden the endless succession of these unimpressive individuals becomes at last poetical beyond words, as the beholder comes to feel that there is defiling past him a section of the world-old march of nations.

Montgomery Schuyler.

MAY-DAY DITTY.

"Don't hurry me up, if you please, mamma:
The best of all things is one's ease, mamma.
And why should I go,
I should like to know,
A-courting May blossoms and trees, mamma?"

"Why, every one raves about May, my child;
And the party will be very gay, my child;
And some one you know
Is certain to go:
Do put yourself out of the way, my child."

"'Tis useless for you to explain, mamma:
May weather can't fool me again, mamma.
I'll never more trust
It's wind and its dust,
And it's almost certain to rain, mamma.

"I'm not Early English, you know, mamma;
And I never saw hawthorn grow, mamma;
And it may be youth,
But, to tell the truth,
I don't really care for the show, mamma.

"I object to be wakened soon, mamma:
Life is best in the afternoon, mamma.
If poets like May,
They're welcome, I say:
My dresses are ordered for June, mamma."

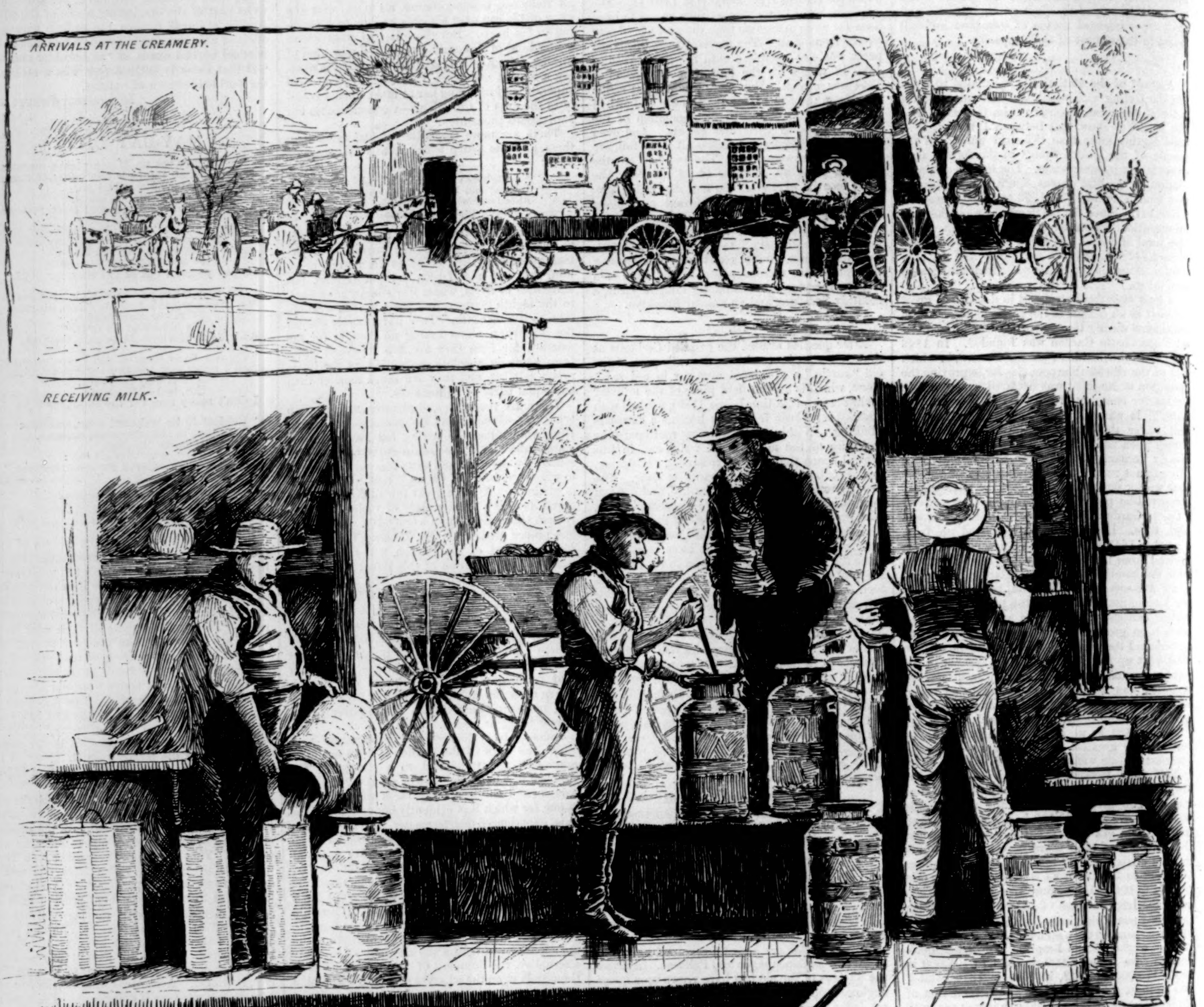
Mary A. Barr.

A CREAMERY.

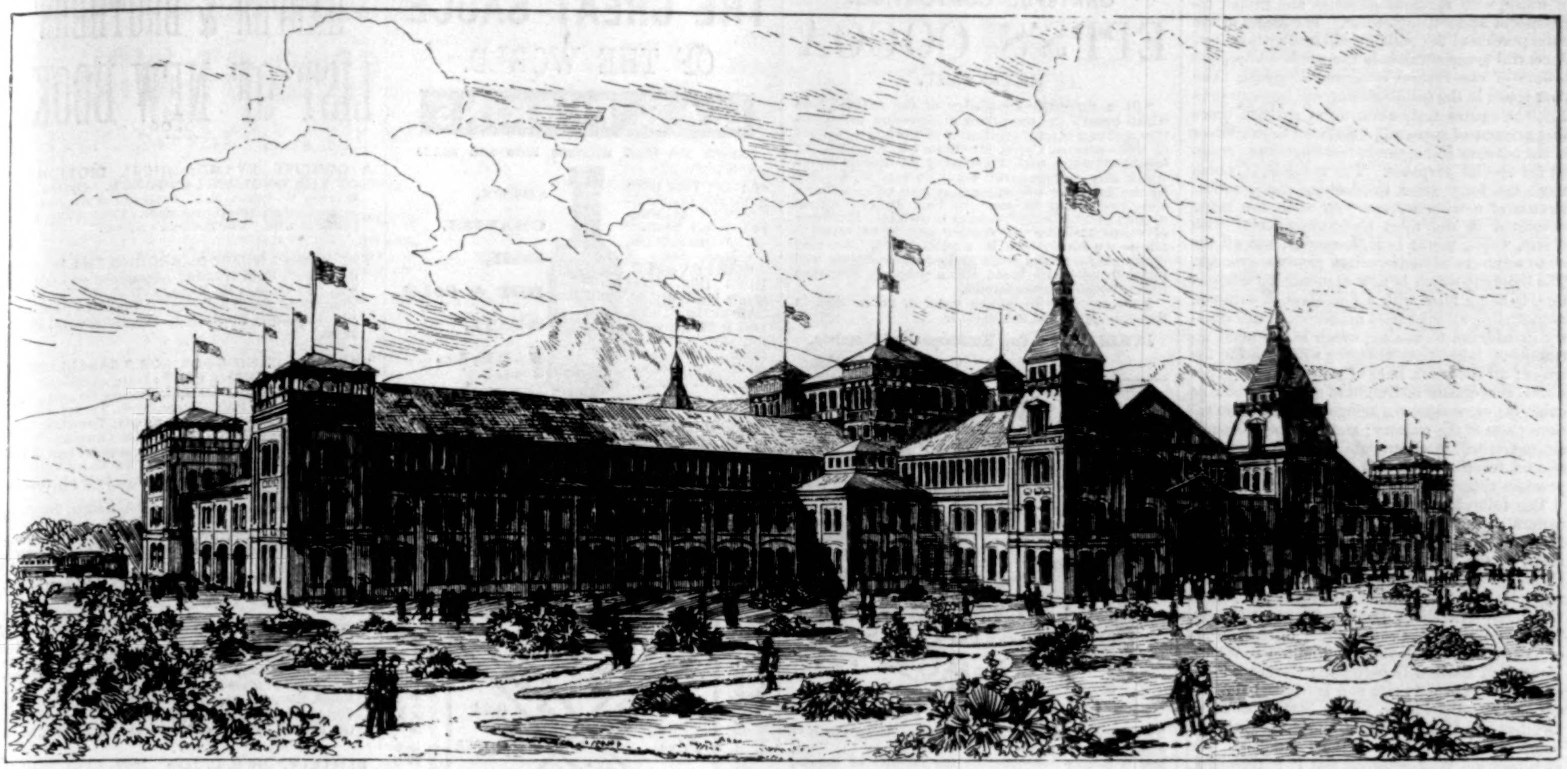
Several years ago it was the custom of most farmers near New York to convert their milk into butter, and either send it direct to the city, or go to the nearest town and place it in the hands of a commission merchant, who would send it to New York for them or buy it at the prevailing market price. They would dispose of their milk in the same way, or would take the milk in cans of a uniform size to the nearest railroad station, and consigned to milk merchants in the city. Morning and evening milk trains were run for the accommodation of this traffic. This has been almost entirely changed within the last few years by the introduction of the "creamery," which institution has taken the making of butter almost entirely out of the farmer's hand. Most of the farmers have sold their churns, and find it pays better to sell their milk.

The average creamery is supplied with the product of farms within a radius of four or five miles. Thirty or forty farmers will bring in the summer season an average of sixty quarts morning and evening. They receive the prevailing New York wholesale price, which varies from one and a quarter to three cents per quart. (Good chance for editors to moralize on high price of milk in the city compared to what the poor farmer receives.) Nearly all the farmers, rich and poor, dispose of their milk in this way; yet it does not pay very well. In fact, the gain at the end of the year, after deducting the expense of keeping the cow, is trifling. A cow that will bring in forty to fifty dollars per year is doing well. The farmer finds it very much less trouble for a little less money to sell his milk than to make butter in the old way. Consequently butter-making is fast becoming a lost art. Had they made a better article, it might have been otherwise. A Philadelphian would turn up his nose at the average Orange County butter. Our Quaker City neighbors are much better supplied in this particular.

The country roads resound with the jingle of the milk cans during the early morning and evening hours. All sorts of conveyances, from the light "buckboard" to the heavy lumbering platform or farm wagon, may be seen wending their way to the creamery, where, upon arrival, the milk is measured (cans hold forty quarts), and the quantity credited to each driver on the tally sheet hanging by the door. The milk is then poured into fourteen-quart coolers, and placed in the spring to allow the cream to rise. The cream is skimmed off, and made into butter. The skimmed milk is made into cheese, which is done in the following manner: The skimmed milk is poured into a receptacle or metal basin about fourteen feet long, four feet wide, by two and a half deep, which is set in another containing water. A fire is built under the latter, and the material heated to about 82° Fahrenheit. It is kept at an even temperature for four or five hours, according to the condition of the milk used, the sourer milk requiring hotter temperature and longer heating. It must be stirred continually while cooking. When finished it is poured into cheese moulds, and submitted to screw pressure, after which operation the cheeses are placed in rows on shelves to cure, which requires about four months to make a first-class article. They require to be turned every morning, to allow the confined gas to make its way evenly through the cheese. When there is great scarcity of milk, as during drought and winter seasons, no cheese is made, but the *pure* milk is sent direct to the city. It is a sad fact, but strict honesty among all concerned in handling milk is hard to find. Even the unsophisticated farmer is not behindhand in availing himself of nature's assistance, *i. e.*, the pump. When our artist was making the sketches for this article, it was whispered around among the farmers that he was the milk inspector. The next day there was a very significant falling off in the quantity of milk brought in by a number of the farmers. Some who had brought sixty quarts only brought thirty, while there was a decrease of from ten to fifteen quarts in others. In talking privately with some of these swindlers, they thoughtfully say that their milk is too rich to send to the city folk pure: "it might make them sick." Make note of the way the milk arrives in the city, and crosses the ferry in the early hours.


ARRIVALS AT THE CREAMERY.
RECEIVING MILK.
EARLY MORNING ON THE FERRIES.
MAKING CHEESE.

A CREAMERY.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 331.]



THE BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, DENVER, COLORADO.—From a Photograph by Bates.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUN.

In taking instantaneous photographs it is well known that some difficulty is experienced in bringing the object into the field of the camera. The process of taking aim at, for instance, a moving object, such as a ship, has sometimes to be repeated several times, and in the end the result is unsatisfactory. To obviate this serious difficulty, an ingenious Frenchman, M. **Marrey**, has invented a photographic gun, of which we give illustrations below.

This implement is neither more nor less than a very large revolver, with a stock to put to the shoulder. The barrel is a telescope; that is to say, it contains the lenses of a camera. There are twelve apertures, which take the place of the chambers. The photographer puts in a sensitized plate behind these apertures, and performing an operation analogous to cocking the weapon, he is ready for the field. On seeing a flying bird, he takes aim, and pulls the trigger; the chamber revolves once, and in one second he obtains twelve little pictures of the bird in various positions.

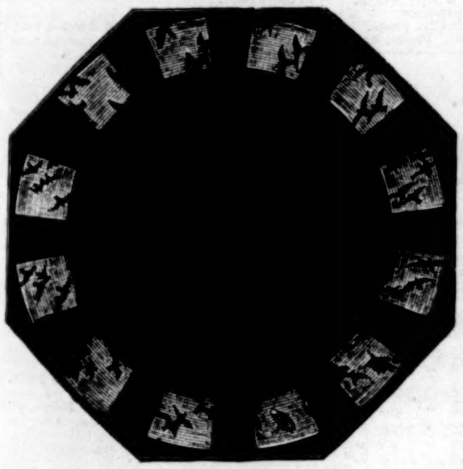
Hitherto M. **Marrey** has made use of his photographic gun for the purpose of investigating the flight of birds. In this case clearness of definition is of little consequence, so long as a dark image or silhouette the shape of the bird is obtained, so that it matters little whether the object aimed at be focussed or not; but it is obvious that in a multitude of other cases the image can be obtained perfectly in focus. Indeed, it will be seen that the system of thus carrying a small camera to be steadied against the shoulder admits of extension, and may prove of the utmost service to the photographer.

THE NATIONAL MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

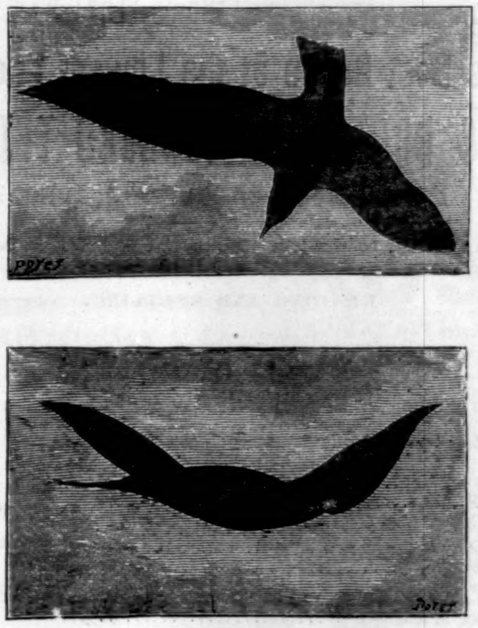
The National Mining and Industrial Exposition of Denver, Colorado, will open on the first day of August of the present year, and will continue thereafter for two months as a public display. In all probability President **Arthur** will be present at the opening exercises, and the grand orchestra of **Theodore Thomas** will furnish music for the occasion.

The organization in whose hands the practical work of the Exposition has been placed comprises the most distinguished and able men of Colorado, and comprehends the Governors of mining States and Territories, who are exerting their influence to have their respective sections well represented. The entire world has been invited to participate in the Exposition; an act of Congress has been passed exempting from import duty foreign goods designed for the Exposition, and many foreign manufacturers have signified their intention to display their wares. The whole tendency of this Exposition will be to place the mining industry on a business footing similar to other great industries of the land, to expose frauds in mining speculation, and foster legitimate industry in every possible manner.

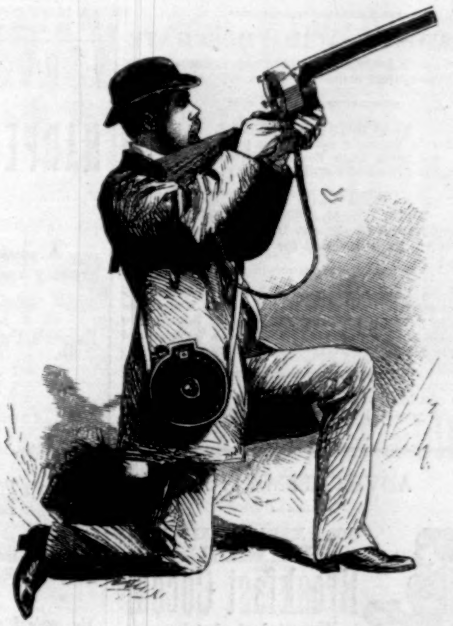
The main building of the Exposition, which is now being constructed, resembles in many respects the new National Museum Building at Washington, D. C. The materials used in its construction are stone, brick, iron, and glass, and it is intended as a permanent repository of ores and geological specimens, as well as every variety of improved mining machinery. The building will be constructed in cruciform shape, and its dimensions will be 500 feet in length by 316 feet



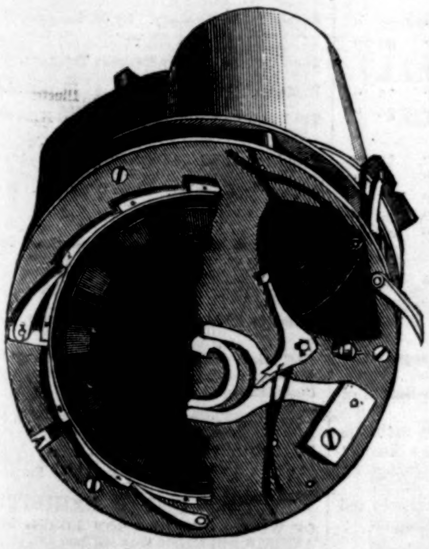
INSTANTANEOUS PICTURES.



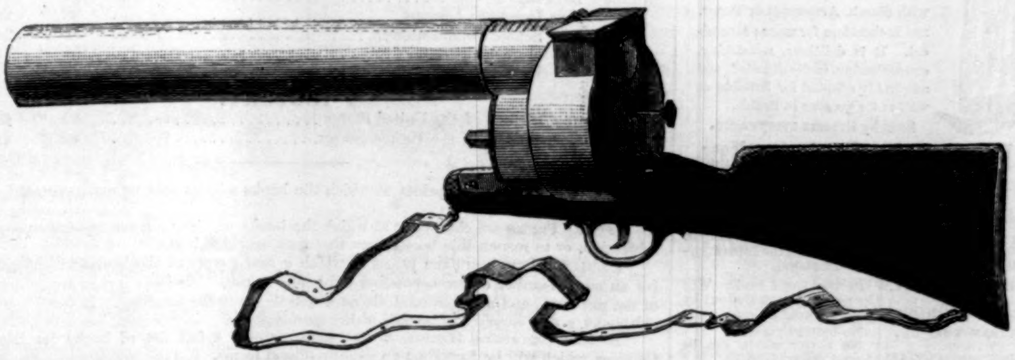
BIRDS ON THE WING.



TAKING AIM.



MECHANISM OF THE GUN.



THE GUN.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUN.

in width, with spacious galleries and proper refreshment and retiring rooms. The height of the main portion of the building will be fifty-four feet. A central dome surmounts the whole edifice, and towers of observation ornament its ends. The floor space in the main building will be more than 150,000 square feet, while three or four times that amount of space will be offered to exhibitors in the annexes and separate buildings being erected for special purposes. The grounds, of which there are forty acres, overlooking the grandest stretch of mountain scenery on earth, are being decorated in the most elaborate manner with drives, walks, flower beds, fountains, and all the other adjuncts of metropolitan pleasure-grounds. The building, which is now approaching completion, is being filled with a fine class of exhibits, representing all the varied industries of this country in addition to mining, which is the main attraction. No charge whatever will be made for space; all the trunk lines of railroads have given liberal concessions on freight of goods intended as exhibits; excursions are being organized from various parts of the country; and the Rocky Mountain region will in all probability receive more attention from tourists this summer than at any previous time in our history.

The following gentlemen are officers and directors of the association: Lieutenant-Governor H. A. W. Tabor, President; Herman Silver (Director of the Mint), First Vice-President; W. A. H. Loveland, Treasurer; S. T. Armstrong, Secretary; H. D. Perke, General Manager; J. T. Cornforth (ex-president of Denver Board of Trade), Trustee; George A. Crofutt, Chief of the Bureau of Tourists and Excursions; Hamilton S. Wicks, Director of Eastern Department; Governor Frederick W. Pitkin and State and Territorial Governors are Vice-Presidents. Each State and Territory has five Commissioners, and agents are appointed for England and the Continent. The architects are W. J. Edbrook and F. P. Burnham, Denver.

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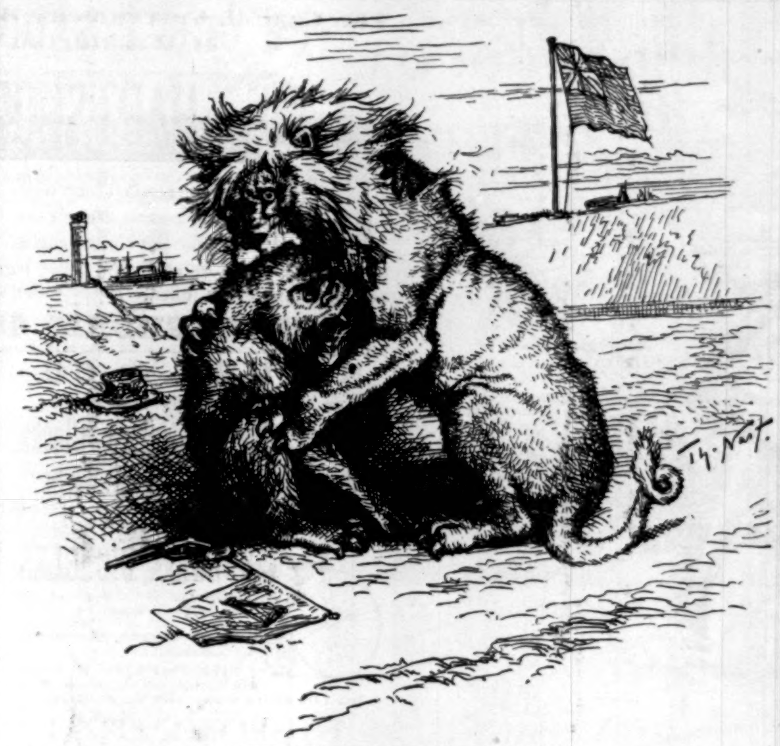

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